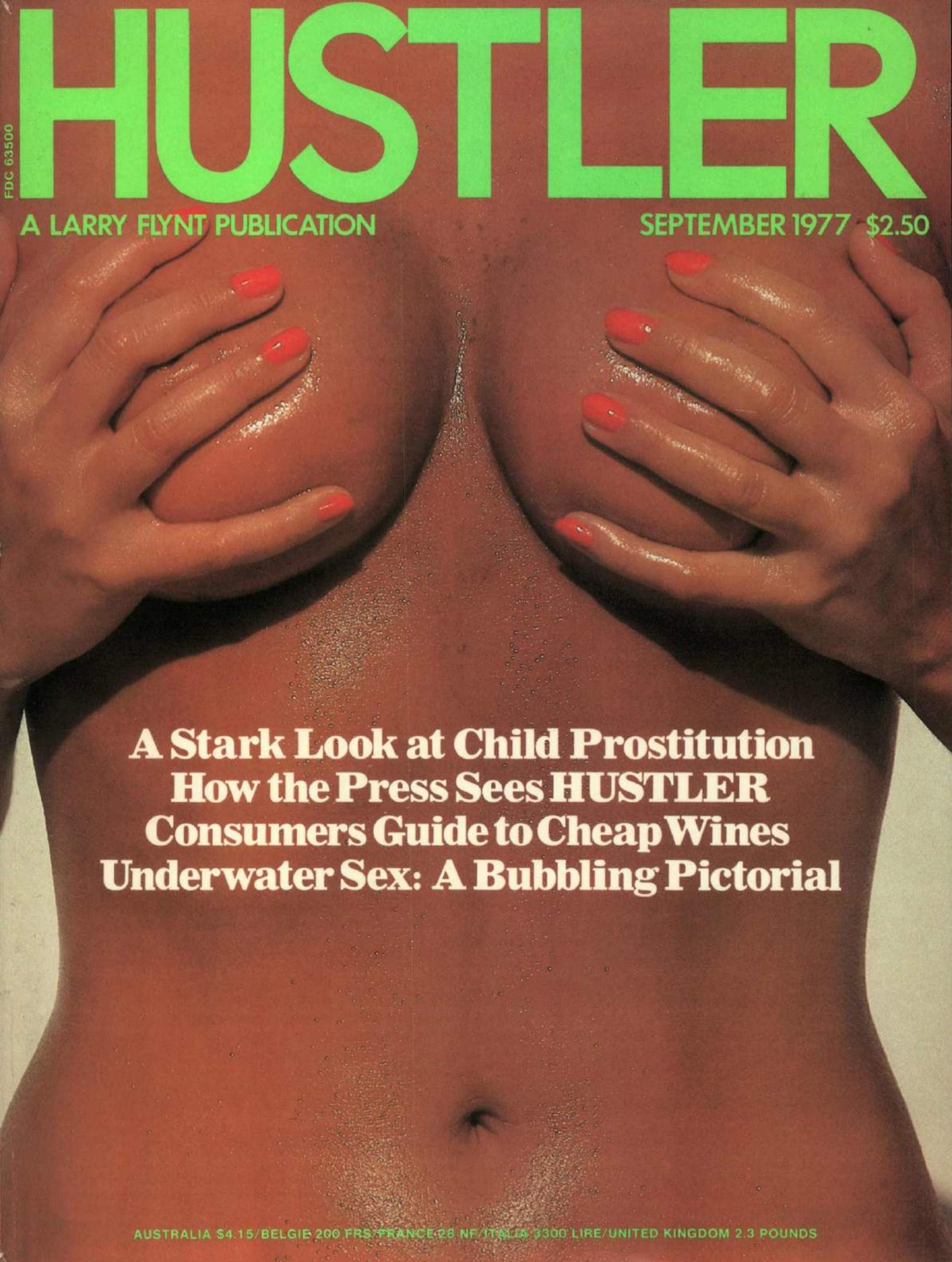


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INDIAN SUMMER

Indian Summer means a sudden hot spell that provides a break from autumn's cold, and this issue should take the chill off your September nights. In **FAIR COMMENT**, we take a break to look back on the way political cartoonists reacted to HUSTLER's Cincinnati conviction, since these individuals often capture the heat of the moment in their work. **PETE WAGNER**, one of the 17 cartoonists spotlighted in this special presentation, becomes a HUSTLER regular in our new monthly feature **DRAWING FIRE**, a showcase of insightful political and social barbs from the

creative perspective of the cartoonist.

We try to give readers a perspective on a heated political and social controversy in **CHILD PROSTITUTION: HOW IT HAPPENS**. Free-lance writer **MICHAEL MONROE** was chosen to handle this delicate topic because of his solid editorial background, which includes contributions to a wide range of national publications.

There's nothing delicate about this month's consumer article by Associate Editor **TIM CONAWAY**. Tim, who is part Cherokee, demonstrates his inability to hold liquor in a photo series accompanying **HUSTLER'S BIASED GUIDE TO CHEAP WINES**. Just as Tim is captured in his own element, Photo Editor **FRANK DeLIA** captures the essence of winos in the article's photo-illustration.

BRUCE MARGOLIUS hasn't met any drunken Indians since he quit punching cows in Montana a few years back, but his interest in that profession inspired **RODEO: THE COWBOY'S LAST STAND**, his first HUSTLER article. Besides contributing to *Crawdaddy* magazine and adding his experiences to a book on truck stops called *Road Food*, Bruce is attending law school. **DON IVAN PUNCHATZ**, whose award-winning illustrations include some for the *National Lampoon*, gives us a three-page illustration for this article. Don has a good feel for the subject since his Sketch Pad Studio is in Texas.

Fall breezes may send you in search of an indoor sport for cold weather recreation, and **LARRY LISCIOTTI: POOL HUSTLER** could renew your interest in pocket billiards as it did for the piece's author, **JAY LEVIN**. The frequent HUSTLER contributor said he finds writing about fun and games to be an Indian Summer-type of break from his usual political coverage. Self-taught artist **BILL SELBY**, who illustrates the article, is beginning his free-lance career after a year and a half designing T-shirts for Roach Studios.

Free-lance writer **CHRIS CASSEL** spends his time designing new variations of the Indian rope trick aboard his cabin-cruiser home. A genuine bondage freak who has written for *Fetish Times*, Chris got all wrapped up in doing this month's *Sex Play*, **GLORY BOUND**. No article on this subject would be complete without an illustration by the indisputable master of bondage art, **BOB BISHOP**.

Sometimes the heat of Indian Summer will cause people to throw off all restraint and take a quick, refreshing dip in the pool. **WATER SPORTS**, a photo feature by **HAL McQUEENEY**, will give you some lessons on proper conduct while making waves.

An Indian Summer can mean a lot of things, but no matter what the weather is, this issue should help you create your own hot spell.

—Althea Flynt

Associate Publisher/Editorial Director



Pete Wagner



Bruce Margolius



Don Ivan Punchatz



Jay Levin



Bill Selby



Hal McQueneey

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STATEMENT



Liberation Through Sex

It seems that women's liberation and men's magazines are on a collision course, but I wonder if a close look at the subject wouldn't show that women's libbers can find an ally in publications like HUSTLER. I think the purpose of the women's movement is to give women the option of fulfilling whatever role they choose in society. One of these options is for sexual equality, and HUSTLER is behind that one hundred percent.

Charges that HUSTLER exploits women are silly. Certainly the major appeal of men's magazines is the display of photos of nude women, but I don't see that as damaging to the women's cause. At HUSTLER, we depict our Honeys as full sexual creatures, with wants and needs in that category. Our readers can see these girls not as objects, but as examples of sex partners who have rights to sexual satisfaction and who won't be partners with men who aren't willing to give them that satisfaction. When confronted by pictures of female genitals, men are lifted out of the fantasy level and made to face a real challenge which forces them to focus on their qualifications as lovers.

Isn't that what women's libbers are always screaming about: that men aren't considering women's orgasms or women's rights to sexual pleasure in general?

HUSTLER attempts to enlighten men's attitudes toward women in other ways. Our *Advise & Consent* column aids

men and women equally, our *Sex Play* feature is designed to improve everyone's sex life and our stories are a turn-on for anyone sexually open enough to allow themselves to be aroused. I'm sure that becoming sexually excited doesn't go against the principles of the women's rights movement.

Then again, that may be one of the problems: that the sexual consciousness of women needs to be liberated. As long as women are taught to look on their bodies as something dirty, then these women will not be able to achieve sexual—or any other kind of—equality. I find the female body, including female genitals, to be very beautiful. I feel, as do our models, that women should show their bodies, not hide them, and that they should be proud of their bodies, not disgusted by them.

Sure, we make jokes about women, but as in all our other humor, we are commenting on the problems of male-female relationships in the 1970s. There are two factors at work in this humor. The first is a complaint and an expression of frustration about the roles men and women have been conditioned by society to play. Secondly, since there is no immediate solution to the problem, we strike out at the stereotypes in the same way that Archie Bunker makes fun of blacks and Jews. Archie knows his statements can't be intelligently defended, so the statements become double-edged in that they are not only a mockery of the race, but a self-mockery of the racist and racism. HUSTLER

makes fun of the fact that women have been conditioned to act as mindless sex objects, which is exactly the same criticism women's libbers make. Hopefully this will get people to reassess their attitude toward women.

It's obvious we realize the problem, and since it is one which will take many years to overcome, we make the best of it in the meantime by finding something in it to laugh about. This means laughing at men who expect to get laid without considering a woman's needs, as well as laughing at the type of woman who allows herself to be used in this way.

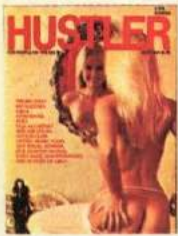
Women hold several important positions on the HUSTLER staff, and my wife, Althea, as Editorial Director, keeps a careful watch to see that the woman's viewpoint isn't overlooked in our coverage. And in a larger sense, HUSTLER fully supports efforts to pass the Equal Rights Amendment to our Constitution.

Equal rights for women include equal sexual rights, and our presentation of females who are not ashamed of their sexuality and who have definite ideas about what their role in sex is can only help, not hurt, the movement. Perhaps it's time for followers of the women's movement to take another look and find out where their friends really are.

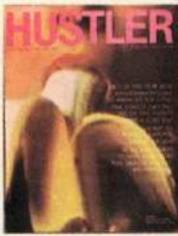
A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Larry Flint".

Editor & Publisher

For trash collectors



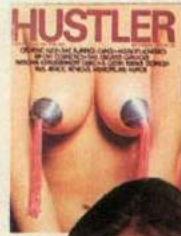
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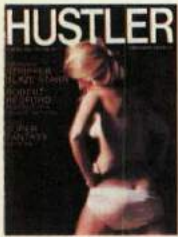
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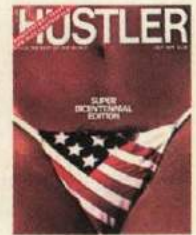
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FEEDBACK

MOUTHING ABOUT MONICA

In your zeal to produce the oversize foldout in July 1977, you've lost quality in the reproduction. A two- or four-page pic of Monica would have held quality and wouldn't have been so damned clumsy to work with. Also, I don't know about you people in Columbus, but around here most men aren't of the opinion that bigger is better when it comes to vaginas.

While Monica is attractive, whoever directed her poses managed to make her look as if she has an advanced case of lock-jaw. The photographer evidently has been taken in by the amateur porn moviemakers and their attempts to simulate ecstasy by having models open their mouths and roll their eyes so that they look like residents of the happy farm.

Harvey E. Maas
Benton Harbor, Michigan

I think your July 1977 issue was super. I'm glad to see HUSTLER putting life-size centerfolds back into the magazine, since I thought you had stopped doing that. I think "Monica: She's Got the Time" really looks good in the centerfold. She's a foxy lookin' girl. I'm also glad you're using younger women in your centerfolds.

Jay Hill
Jacksonville, Florida

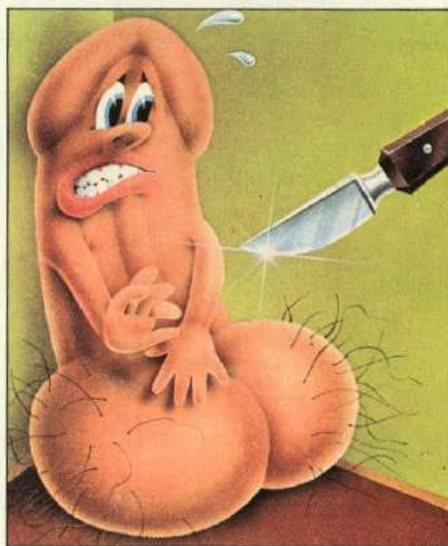
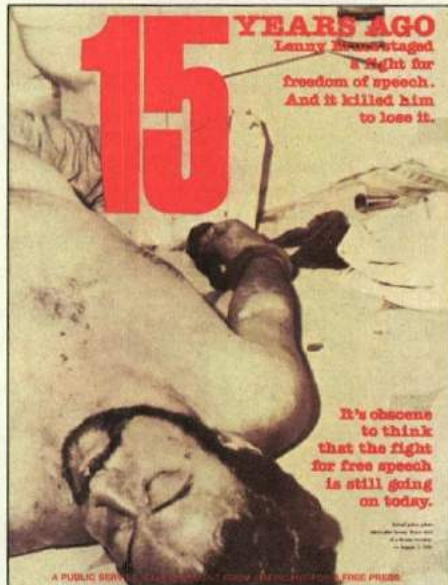
We have three life-size centerfolds annually—January, July and December.

STRAIGHT DOPE?

Paul Krassner, editor of *The Realist* and quondam elf, was of the opinion that the heroin apparatus found next to Lenny Bruce was a police plant. I did not physically inspect the premises, but evidence shown to me then, including a complete file of photographs, indicated to me that Lenny did not die of an overdose. (I was, in 1966, one of the very few experienced people in the field.)

I know a large number of people who have been to jail for loving niggers, printing dirty pictures, and being opposed to mass murder and sundry other things. But I know of no one who was driven thereby to OD on heroin. Lenny was an ass, but I do not believe he was enough of an ass to OD, even if some clean shit had accidentally been put on the streets. Lenny was never a street buyer.

Your July 1977 back cover is wrong in two respects. Lenny was murdered, yes. But it was simple murder, not one of your poetic statements that the poor lad was driven to heroin by his adversity (Lenny was snorting, shooting and otherwise toxicating himself long before he found "the Truth"). If Lenny OD'd, it was because he was an ass. I hap-



pen to *know* he was an ass, but I don't think he was an asshole, any more than your marvelous slob of a boss. The day Larry OD's will be the day you ought to start believing Lenny did.

George von Hilsheimer, Ph.D., F. R. S. H.
Senior Research Scientist
Growth Institutes, Inc.
Twyman's Mill, Virginia

CUTTING REMARKS

I just finished reading the fine article by Tim Conaway, "Vasectomy: The Unkind Cut" (July 1977 issue). For those who have not had a vasectomy, it is the best way you can describe it. What Tim didn't mention is that after you have your nuts cut, they want you back in a few weeks to beat your meat into a little jar so they can see if your semen is sterile. Can you get it up for a little plastic jar? Tim also didn't mention the prep job they want you to do on yourself the day before surgery. One little fuck-up, and you might as well save bus fare to the clinic. Try shaving around your nuts and see how easy it can't be.

Also, after the job is finished and you're on your way to being a great, unworried stud, you notice another pain they didn't tell you about. It's a pulling sensation that hurts right before you get your nuts off. This only lasts about a month though.

The best way to learn what the whole damn thing is like is to go to a farm, pick out the meanest-looking horse there, stand behind him, lift his tail and start pulling until he kicks you in the balls. That's how it feels. I've had both experiences.

Name Withheld on Request
Imperial, Pennsylvania

I didn't have to jack off into a plastic jar until well after the story was written, but I just considered it kinky sex and shot a wad of sperm-free cum with no trouble. I was also glad it was me, and not the doctor, who shaved my balls. I experienced the tugging pain during intercourse, but I was so relieved to be able to get my nut again that it didn't bother me.

—Tim Conaway

IDLE THREAT

I am a sailor from Alabama stationed aboard the U. S. S. *Enterprise*. I know that there are a lot of things wrong with our country today and sometimes I feel sad. But when I saw a picture of President Carter in your magazine (July 1977 issue) that tried to show him seducing his daughter, I figured you must be a real sick man. Let me tell you something, you son of a bitch. If I could get my hands on you, I'd beat your fucking face in up your ass, you fucking pussy. You're not American, so why don't you get your ass

out of this country. Here I am in the military, sticking my neck out, just to get killed protecting asshole faggots like you. I'd kill you if I ever got the chance!

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We were merely reporting on Carter, and other politicians, who continually commit these bloopers in front of cameras. It was Carter, and not us, who struck the pose you're talking about.

PROBLEM PARENTS

Put this letter in your *Feedback* section. It was written by an 11-year-old neighbor boy who ordered your December 1976 Merry Christmas issue for three 8-year-old boys.

Dear Mr. Flynt:

I'm writing because I gave a book to a little boy and he got caught and when books get into hands of little boys who don't understand, it is bad.

Sincerely yours,
Jack Lacker

Aren't you proud?

Anonymous
Cincinnati, Ohio

According to the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, there is no evidence to indicate that children are harmed by pornography. However, we have pointed out before that we are against HUSTLER being sold to children.

In the long run, I think it would be far better for your children to learn about sex from HUSTLER than to pick up their education in

the back alleys of Cincinnati, where they might run into William Morrissey or Simon Leis.

—Larry Flynt

ANTI-BLUENOSE CAMPAIGN

I thought you might be interested in my television editorial rebuttal to a ridiculous editorial done by KIRO-TV in Seattle, Washington, supporting your conviction in Cincinnati. As you are aware, the People Against Censorship Group has been fighting the passage of a "moral nuisance" act called Initiative 335, which not only would allow the confiscation of all erotica from adult entertainment establishments in the state of Washington, but also would provide a powerful statutory basis for bluenose intrusion into virtually every form of entertainment.

Lloyd Cooney, president of KIRO-TV and a pillar of the local fascist community, has done his best to stir up the local hysterical, antiporn frenzy. He has tried to rationalize the abridgment of First Amendment rights by equating the voluntary purchase of HUSTLER as somehow coercing an entire community to adopt the magazine as its standard. By logical inference, one doubts whether Mr. Cooney knows the difference between rape and seduction, between theft and voluntary trade.

The supporters of 335 are claiming that exposure of minors to porn leads to promiscuity, venereal disease, unwed mothers and the breakdown of the family unit. However, they fail to mention that adequate laws already exist barring the sale of sexually explicit materials to minors and that adult

entertainment businesses scrupulously bar sales to minors. Initiative 335 supporters also claim that "indirect links" exist between the adult entertainment industry and "organized crime." That is ridiculous! More likely, there are direct links between local unions and law enforcement and the Syndicate. Why not ban them?

What the proponents of 335 fail to realize through their emotional approach to the subject is that prohibition of any highly desired product or service will create the perfect black-market monopoly for organized crime.

The People Against Censorship campaign is starting to pick up steam, but we are still woefully short of funds. Our opponents have already spent well over \$20,000. We would appreciate it if you could print this letter and our address (People Against Censorship, 314 Joseph Vance Building, Seattle, Washington 98101). Any contributions of support or money will not be wasted.

Richard R. Slomon, Director
People Against Censorship
Seattle, Washington

SERVICING SUBSCRIBERS

From the time I placed a subscription to your magazine, two weeks elapsed and your June 1977 issue arrived—and it wasn't even on the stands yet. What a wonderful surprise to get such good, fast service.

Several years ago, my first husband ordered a subscription from *Playboy* that was paid in advance. After five months and several letters to them, he began getting the magazine. However, he received all the back issues at once and the remaining copies arrived two weeks after each had hit the newsstands. My husband also found it did no good to complain to *Playboy*. A neighbor of mine ordered *Playboy* recently, and although two months have gone by it still hasn't arrived. *Playboy* must still be playing the same games. Mr. Flynt, you not only publish the best magazine on the market, but you also give the best service. Please don't let anything push you out of the business. You are the greatest.

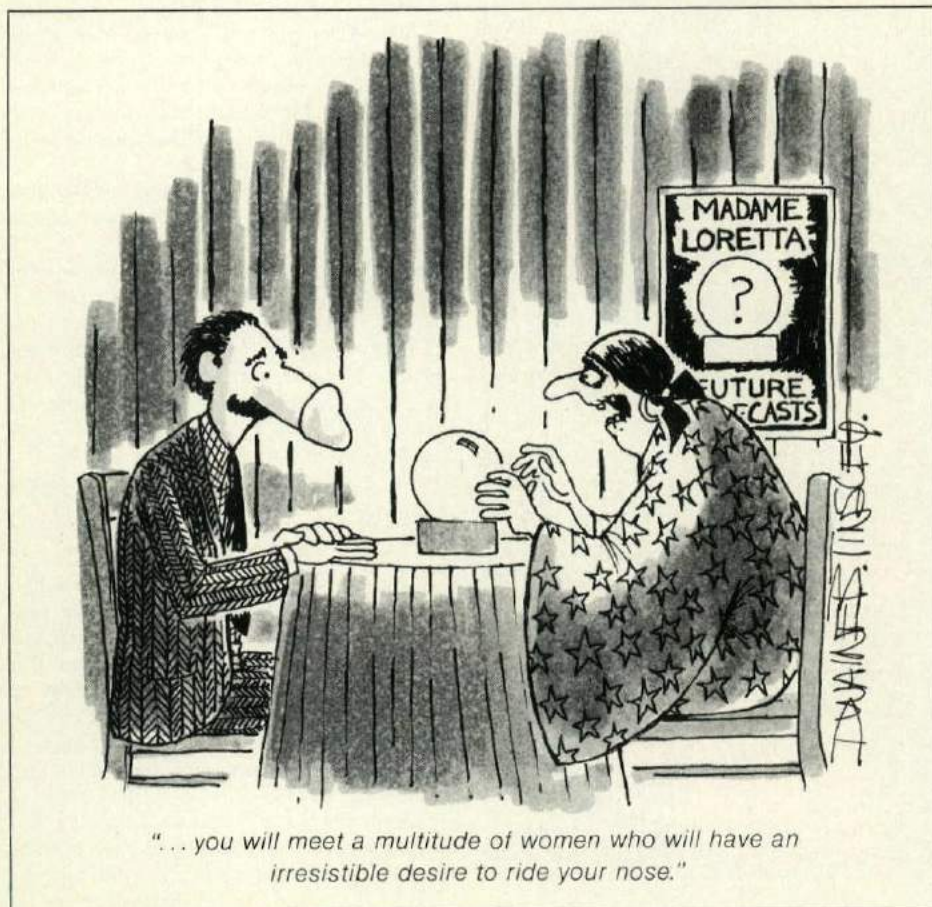
Mrs. James Van Nostrand
Milledgeville, Georgia

EXPLOITATIVE CHARGES

You are really a mixed-up ass, Larry Flynt. First you state that you're against the use of children in pornography and that those guilty of exploiting children in this fashion should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, and yet you publish a *Chester the Molester* pornographic cartoon monthly. *Chester* cartoons deal with brutalizing and taking sexual advantage of children. And that's porn. You deserve to be charged with exploitation of children.

T. J. W.
New York, New York

As with all of our humor, Chester makes fun of the myth and the stereotype. W. C. Fields once said that he only liked children who were well



1



2



J. WAINES STINLEY.

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When your sexual appetite is craving some nourishment, LEASURE TIME wants to make sure you're being well fed. That's why our menu includes the most delectable dildoes imported from Europe.

For instance, there's the **Electro Admiral Periscope** (#5524)—a rubber replica of a cock with a powerful vibrating motor sealed inside the tip. It can turn the limpest penis into a pulsating pile driver. Uses two "AA" batteries.

If you're the kind of man who likes to sweep a woman off her feet, then pick up a **Womb Broom** (#1622). Perfect for stimulating and cleaning hard-to-reach places.

The **Electro Squirmy Rooter** (#1624) is the most mechanically sophisticated sex aid ever offered. It can perform tricks a real penis wouldn't dare attempt. The rooter can simultaneously rotate in a full circle while providing vibration sensations. Uses two "C" batteries.

For those who enjoy old faithful, there's the **Vibrato Cordless Vibrator**. Available in 4" mini (#0250) uses two "AA" batteries; 7" personal (#0240) uses two "C" batteries; and 10" stud (#0230) uses two "C" batteries.

The **Therapeutic Aid** will help you rise up for every occasion. Made of smooth latex, this aid has a hollow interior, unique loop straps and is medically designed to overcome impotence. In three sizes: small (#0630), medium (#0640) and large (#0650).

Electro Orgasm and the **Lady Godiva** dildo are made of technically advanced, extrasoft rubber that when being used heats up to body temperature.

The dual-function **Electro Orgasm** (#5523) is the Rolls-Royce of dildoes. It comes with both an attachable pump and an automatic vibration control. The pump allows you to enlarge the dildo to any size, while the vibration control sends a woman into high gear. Uses two "AA" batteries.

The **Lady Godiva** is very flexible—yet sufficiently rigid to maintain any position or angle. Available in both smooth (#5521) and studded (#5522) models.

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done, (implicitly referring to the act of cooking) but no one seriously thought he advocated cannibalism. The "Fernwood Flasher" appears on Mary Hartman, but no one accuses television of advocating flashing. If we are doing anything with Chester, it is ridiculing the child molester. And we are very careful about the way we do it. Research has shown that given a choice between imitating violence or sex, people will imitate violence first—and children are bombarded by violence in a variety of magazines available to them on any newsstand. Yet Arlene and the other girls in Chester are never physically harmed.

ALL IS NOT GAY

I was quite happy to see your stand on the sexual rights issue in Florida (*Asshole of the Month* and *Statement*, July 1977). For years I have longed to see Anita Bryant, snookered out of her mind, doing one of her orange juice commercials advertising Harvey Wallbangers instead. I'm writing this a few days before the vote, so I'm just guessing that the O. J. Bryant apple pie, milk and Bible campaign will tilt the outcome heavily in favor of gays and place America one step closer to total sexual freedom for all.

Robert W. Loehne, Jr.
Auburn, Washington

The voters of Miami and Dade County repealed gay rights by a large margin. Now Bryant says she's going to go after gays in other cities as well.

SUZE'S COOZE

I've been watching the Hefner-Randall-Flynt threesome for some time now and must tell you that Suze Randall takes a good picture of herself ("Suze by Suze," June 1977 issue). I found Suze's use of the extension shutter release most stimulating. It's an innovation in genital erotica. She may have fingered her trigger, but I couldn't help wondering about her lighting assistant. If she's ever in need of a light, I'll hold her spot.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

POLICE COMMENDATION

As crime in the United States increases and respect for those who have undertaken the task of enforcing the laws of this land diminishes, it is indeed refreshing to see a major magazine such as yours advocating respect toward our law enforcement officers. I speak of the public service advertisement in your August 1976 issue, depicting a police officer with a young child in his arms and the quotation "Some Still Call Him Pig." As all members of our agency are avid readers of HUSTLER

Magazine, we would like to ask for four copies of said advertisement, if possible, so that we could display them conspicuously here in the Law Enforcement Center. We would like to thank you for your public service advertisement and express our ap-



preciation for your continued support of law enforcement agencies.

Capt. Marion O. Manley
Creston Police Department
Creston, Iowa

The posters are available from Leisure Time Products (P. O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216) for \$3.95 apiece, item #3915.

JUST APPRAISAL

I have just finished the first part of *HUSTLER on Trial* (June 1977 issue) and found it to be quite interesting and

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND A BIG HUG FROM ALTHEA, ART!

surprisingly humorous. I thought the picture of "the all-American" who was butt-fucking Larry was also good. We find nothing wrong with HUSTLER/ People who do are motherfuckers/ Let the people who want, love it/ Let the motherfuckers shove it.

Kerrie and Calvin Wolf II
Brush, Colorado

COCK WISH

My husband and I have been reading HUSTLER for about two years now and both of us think it's the best erotic magazine on the market. Although I enjoy your magazine tremendously, I am not a lesbian and your beaver shots don't exactly make my pussy hair stand on end.

I am 19 years old, and for as long as I can remember, men have had dozens of magazines to choose from for their erotic entertainment. I am not a women's libber; it's just that my main interest in sex happens to be long cocks. So far, the only magazine devoted to the entertainment of women is *Playgirl*, which is as conservative as *Playboy*. For the last few months my husband has been trying to get me to write to you and ask if you'd consider publishing a magazine for women, one with the same format as HUSTLER.

My husband is proud of my looks and has sent pictures of me to your *Beaver Hunt*, but I'm just as proud of him and would love the chance to send pictures of him into a "cock hunt." I stay at home a lot with my 10-inch vibrator, but it would be much nicer to pick up a magazine and fantasize over the picture of a healthy stud instead of relying on a pair of weak batteries.

I do hope you'll consider publishing a women's magazine, or at least do a special issue. After all, Larry, we women get just as horny as you do. At least I do!

Vicki Rogers
Richmond, California

My friends and I enjoy your magazine very much, but we don't think you're very fair. In every issue you have a *Beaver Hunt*. Why don't you give us a "stud hunt"? There must be a lot of young studs who can show eight inches or more, like Butch Williams who appeared in your December 1975 issue. Be fair and show us some young studs.

Betty and the Gals
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

HUSTLER appeals to a male audience. The men you want appear occasionally in photo sets along with female models, or in Bits & Pieces. However, several sections of HUSTLER, such as Kinky Korner and Advise & Consent, appeal to female readers as well as to males.

**HUSTLER doesn't
want readers
with good taste...**

**HUSTLER wants
readers who
taste good**



People are constantly coming up to Larry Flynt and asking him what it takes to become a HUSTLER. They tell him they listen to Beethoven, drink Chivas Regal and drive Rolls Royces to show off their good taste. What they don't understand is that HUSTLER isn't looking for readers with good taste. HUSTLER wants readers who taste good.

According to tests conducted by the HUSTLER staff, our readers were found to taste better than the people who read *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Screw* or *The New Yorker*. Yes, it's a scientific fact. In nine out of ten cases HUSTLER readers were tastier than the leading brand of tuna.

Sure, HUSTLER is always looking for new subscribers. But sorry, Charlie, only the best-tasting readers get to subscribe to HUSTLER.

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Sex Bits

WORLD SEX NEWS ROUNDUP

Telerotica

40 West Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

Doctors at St. Luke's Hospital in St. Louis are still waiting for positive results following the successful transplant of a testicle from one identical twin brother to another. Timothy Twomey, 30, is still waiting to see if he can produce fertile sperm from the testicle transplanted from his brother Terry.

Men can function sexually with only one testicle, but Timothy was born without balls. He's been able to have a normal—but sterile—sex life through the aid of regular injections of the male hormone testosterone. Still, Timothy's sex life was unpredictable: "There were times when I was Clark Gable and King Kong. Then, without my shot, I'd be the guy getting sand kicked in my face."

Although the transplant is a breakthrough, doctors are still uncertain about the future of the operation for anyone other than identical twins, since the body tends to reject the transplanted testicle.

In one of the first polls of its kind conducted among doctors, more than two thirds of them said they felt physicians aren't qualified to treat sexual problems. Although the report itself may be no surprise, it appeared in a journal of the American Medical Association, usually a staunch protector of physicians' images.

While some doctors polled felt recent sexual liberation is a sign of "moral decay," nine out of ten doctors said that more sex-related training should be made part of the medical school curriculum. Most of these doctors felt that modern sexual attitudes are part of an "overdue adjustment to sexual reality."

Doctors polled felt that the sexual revolution had outdistanced the training related to sex now taught in medical schools. In addition, the more liberated sexual climate has meant more and more people seeking sexual help than ever before.

Following a federal court ruling which upholds the U. S. Navy's right to ban homosexuals from that branch of the service, a Navy spokesman told HUSTLER it has no intention of altering its prohibition of gays or of studying the issue further.

Admitted homosexual Vernon Berg III, a former ensign and Annapolis graduate whose dishonorable discharge from the Navy was upgraded to honorable, lost in his court case to gain reinstatement into the service and to collect back pay and benefits. Federal Judge Gerhard A. Gesell dismissed the suit. In his ruling, Gesell said, "An individual's right to privacy does not extend to homosexual conduct even when it occurs in private between consenting adults." Gesell also urged that the Navy clarify its policies toward gays.

Researchers funded by the Project on Human Sexual Development have reported that there is more sex-linked behavior during family viewing time than after the 9 p.m. cutoff, but their major finding was that physical intimacy on the tube is not as sensuous as public criticism of the medium contends.

The group looked for sex-related activity ranging from innuendo to depictions of rape, and found many examples of verbal and physical incidents in early-evening programming which hinted at sex. They also found that the lack of genuine physical relationships on television gives an incomplete picture of the characters regularly portrayed on the screen.


A suburban Sacramento man, 30-year-old Franklin Currey, found himself overpowered by two women whom he was allegedly trying to rape. Police say Currey apparently made the mistake of enjoying himself too much. The women say they were sunbathing in a remote spot when Currey approached them with a gun and a demand for sex.

One of the women told police she waited until Currey was flat on his back with his eyes closed. Then she hit him on the head with a rock. Currey allegedly dropped his gun and ran off through the brush. Police took him into custody five hours later when he returned to the area to retrieve his car.

In a recent 7 to 2 decision, the United States Supreme Court has ruled that states may not prohibit the sale of contraceptives to minors or ban the advertising or display of such items.

The decision came close upon the heels of a rash of state-level prosecutions of drugstores, vending machine operators and mail-order firms. Massachusetts, the state with perhaps the harshest enforcement of regulated contraceptive sales, has recently been prosecuting people who sell nonprescription condoms under an 1879 "Crimes Against Chastity Law". The high court's ruling has effectively ended such prosecutions everywhere in the U. S.

Citing the right to privacy, the court rejected the argument advanced by the state of New York, namely that lifting of the old restrictions would result in increased sexual activity among the young.

The court left the way open for the states to regulate minimum quality standards for contraceptives. At the time of the ruling, 11 states in some way restricted contraceptive sales. 

ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or other problems of a personal nature. This column is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and care of a doctor. If you would like to question **HUSTLER** about whatever may be on your mind, direct your letter to: **HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.**

Edited by Susi Green

Breast cancer killed my grandmother and aunt. I'm scared to death I'll develop it and be mutilated and undesirable to any man. I check my breasts at least once a month and see my gynecologist yearly. I talked to him about my fear and he told me that although there are new methods of treatment, the radical mastectomy is the only way he will deal with breast cancer until something is proven to be at least as effective. What are the other treatments available and where can I find out about them?

C. S.
El Monte, California

Several procedures are in various stages of experi-

mentation and general use. The simple mastectomy is the removal of the breast, leaving the surrounding muscle tissue and lymph glands intact. This is becoming widely used in cases where the cancer is detected early. Breast implants are being tested in conjunction with simple mastectomies. In this operation, at the time of the breast removal a silicone implant is placed in the cavity. The results can look very natural, but early detection is necessary. Research is also being done with radiation therapy, which could eliminate surgery in some cases. Contact a medical school hospital for information regarding use of these procedures. Early detection is the important factor determining the treatment and amount of disfigurement, so continue to check your breasts regularly. Cancer in your family is not a guarantee that you will develop it, but letting your fear become an obsession could be harmful.

I am an 18-year-old guy. My mom is 37, and most people consider her to be very foxy, with blond hair, 42-inch breasts and golden cunt hair. One day I was in the bathtub relaxing when suddenly the door opened and Mom walked in. Before I could say a word, she stripped, climbed in the tub and began stroking my dick. When it got hard, she guided it into her cunt and

pumped ferociously. After I came, she commanded me to eat her cunt. I was too shocked by what was going on to find it very appetizing. We did this for about two hours, then she said if I didn't do what she said she would tell my dad. Now, about twice a day, I must suck her tits, lick her cunt and fuck her. Even though her tits are fantastic as well as her cunt, I don't relish sucking and fucking my own mother. I don't want my dad to find out. What should I do? Help!

P. K.
Phoenix, Arizona

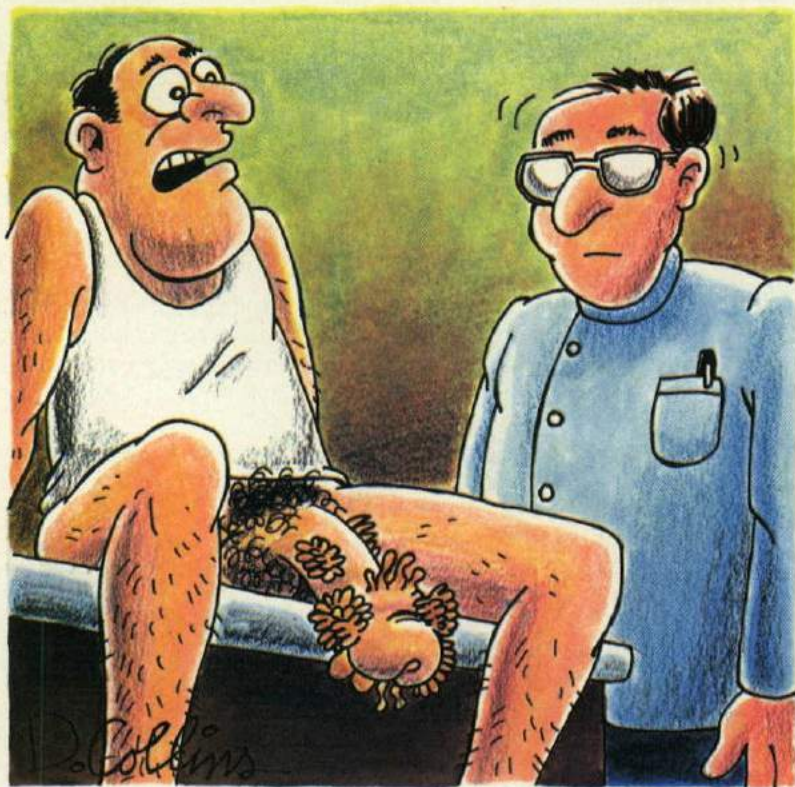
We're not sure what kind of advice you're looking for. HUSTLER doesn't advocate incest. If anything, we would advise against it. Because incest is socially unacceptable, it can cause inner-conflict, guilt and psychological and emotional damage. Research into the physiological effects of incest, though inconclusive, adds credence to the widely held belief that interbreeding may cause genetic defects and mental deficiency or retardation. Unless evidence is produced to the contrary, HUSTLER will not sanction this practice. If you are concerned with ending this situation, you should talk to your father or a counselor for help and advice—or simply tell your mother you won't do it anymore. If you feel guilty or think you should, it's a natural reaction to the social stigma of incest. If you are really interested in changing this situation, you could move out. On the other hand, it sounds as if you find your mother attractive and are enjoying this relationship, and your greatest concern is not letting your father find out. In this case, none of the foregoing advice will help you.

My parents are very religious. I'm 18 and male, but I know almost nothing about sex. I've been getting erections since I was 12, and when I first questioned my father about them I was told that I should pray to overcome them because they're bad. I've never mentioned them to him again. Whenever I get an erection my balls start hurting so bad I can hardly walk. The pain used to disappear when I went to sleep, but lately it hurts so bad I can't even get to sleep. I haven't talked to my doctor because he attends our church and is friends with my parents. Could this be something serious? What should I do?

K. J.
Darien, Connecticut

This is probably nothing serious, but you've been protected from the facts of life too long. The pain is probably caused by congested testicles, often called "blue balls." Prolonged sexual excitement without orgasm can cause blood to collect in the testicles, resulting in pain and swelling. Masturbation or intercourse will relieve this problem.

(continued on page 111)



"My wife wants to know if you can cure my VD, but leave the warts."



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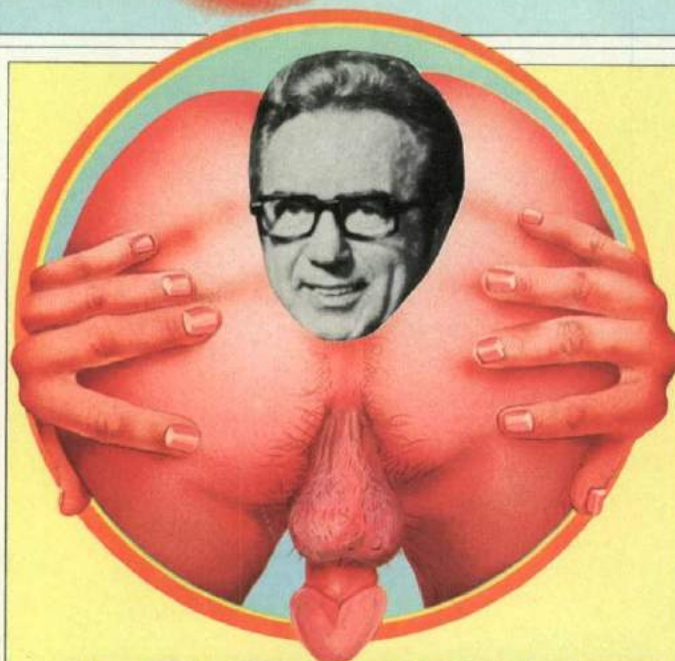


Bits & Pieces

We thought about making *New York Daily News* Metropolitan Editor Dick Oliver the Asshole of the Month in this issue, but we figured: Why make a somebody out of a nobody? Oliver is nothing more than an uptight, stereotyped, guilt-ridden Catholic who supported Nixon and would probably support him again if he ran for reelection. No doubt Oliver supports the First Amendment only when it favors someone like Tricky Dick. We got a good look at Oliver's personality when Larry Flynt was introduced to him at the Hunam Restaurant in New York in front of *Daily News* staffers Jimmy Breslin and Sam Roberts and some mutual friends. Oliver, crocked to the gills, came out of his narrow-minded stupor long enough to allow his battleship mouth to overload his rowboat ass by verbally assaulting Larry and putting down *HUSTLER*.

Even after Larry conceded that people's opinions of *HUSTLER* differ, and that he didn't expect everyone to agree, especially someone from Oliver's mold, Oliver continued to run his mouth. Throughout his attack, he kept referring to Larry as "the big man," and then the picture became clear. Obviously, Oliver wanted to show that *he* was the big man by intimidating and embarrassing his fellow employees and friends, all of whom were shocked.

We let Oliver get away with it out of respect for the others, and that's the only reason he didn't get a knuckle sandwich. So you



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

can see why we didn't want to waste time on this cretin. At his best, Oliver is only an imitation of Cincinnati Judge William Morrissey with a press card.

Instead, we chose someone who is really worthy of being called an asshole.

Cleveland's Mayor Ralph Perk has the one gift every politician envies: a knack for making people agree. Almost everyone agrees that they never expect to see a bigger asshole than Perk. He's certainly convinced us, and so we take this occasion to award him a small tribute. Sit on it, Ralph.

A recent statement by Perk should show you why we think of him as the political world's answer to the spastic colon: Cleveland is "under siege from people

with little or no moral standards.... We are mounting a full, an all-out offensive against pornography.... We are going to war." We'd like to know what it is about sex that causes pissants such as Perk to start making noises like Genghis Khan.

A questionnaire meant to determine Cleveland's community standards for erotic materials is being distributed by city garbagemen on orders of the mayor. Besides the waste of taxpayers' money, Perk is no doubt trying to influence citizens against smut, using the old guilt-by-association routine. And if Perk really cares about what the community thinks, why doesn't he keep his mouth shut until the returns are in?

Judging from the way he talks, the hookers, strippers

and peepshow operators on Cleveland's Prospect Avenue had better watch their asses. It looks as if Ralph is thinking of having them stoned to death, or thrown to wild dogs. We remember a famous religious personality telling off a few Perk types in the Bible, saying something about being pure enough to cast the first stone when those jokers wanted to kill a woman for adultery.

Of course, not everyone has the moral strength of a political cesspool like Perk. It takes a man with a lot of backbone to run a city near one of the filthiest bodies of water in America and complain about the "dirty" business of sex. People have a choice about what magazines or movies they see, but when their water is full of cancer-causing waste, their only alternatives are very expensive. But does Perk throw the resources and energies of city hall into cleaning up the water supply? Does he make certain that the garbage his questionnaire distributors collect doesn't go straight into Lake Erie?

To become mayor of a major city, a man usually has to be smart enough to eat with a fork. And anyone who eats with a fork knows that antiporn rabble-rousing is just political camouflage designed to hide the fact that the political bosses can't, or don't want to, deal with the *real* problems of the cities. Maybe those problems have something to do with the fact that too often the cities are administered by frightened, loud-mouthed little men like Ralph Perk.

Fillet of SOUL

Our Ten Most Wanted list for 1977 (July issue) seemed to indicate that black female entertainers aren't much on the minds of HUSTLER readers. But anyone with a taste for soul sisters can tell you that there are some fine black foxes on the scene, any one of whom can far outshine Farrah Fawcett-Majors, and not just with their smiles.

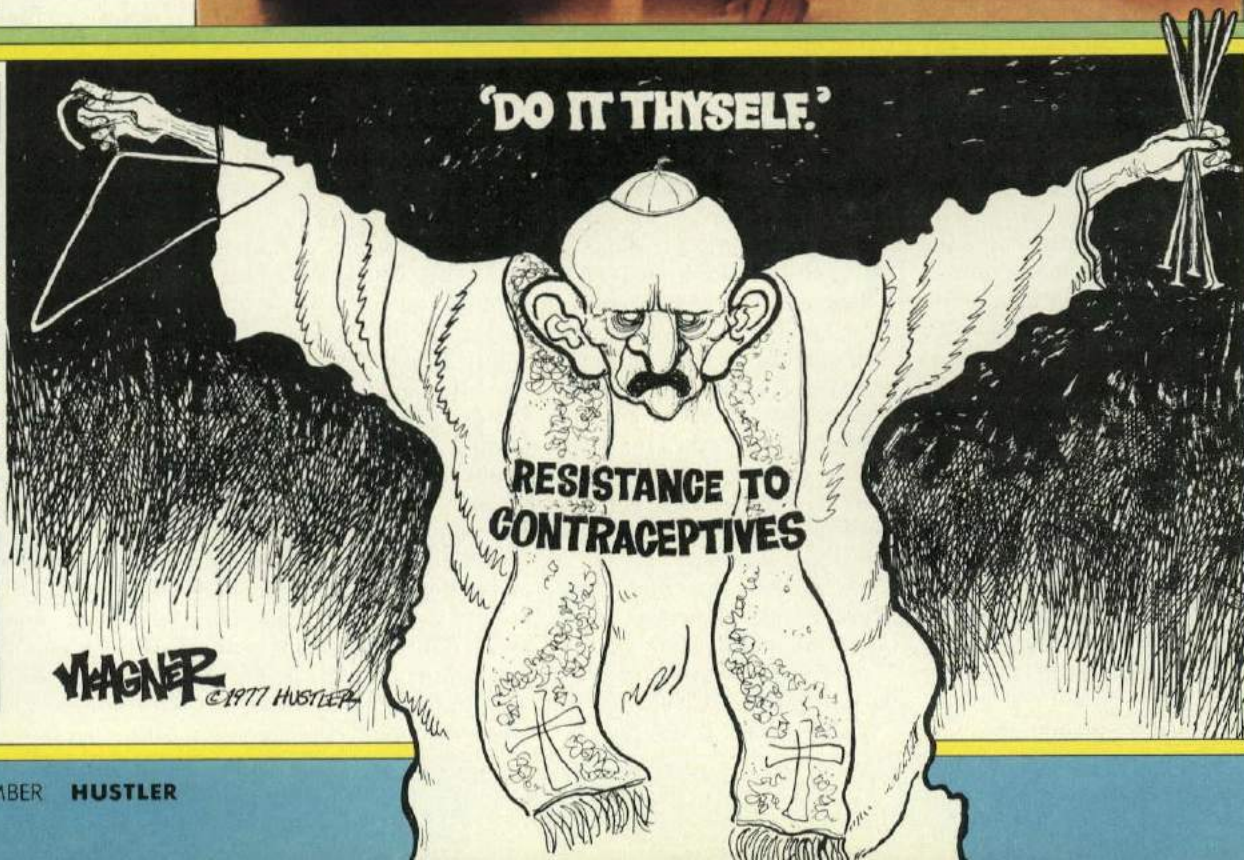
The ladies you see here represent only the tip of the woodpile of black female entertainers with a sexiness that knows no age. These and any other dusky entertainers to whom you take a cotton are in the running for HUSTLER's sexiest black female entertainer balloting. Sorry, but voters must limit their pick to only one lady. Send her name to HUSTLER's Sexy Soul Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. Avoid the last-minute shuffle by getting your selection to us before September 30, 1977.

When the results are tallied, we may offer the winner a chance to pose for HUSTLER.



DRAWING FIRE

BY PETE WAGNER





RESPECTABLE RAUNCH

Here is a sampling of smut that is available even in Cincinnati. Under the guise of respectable sex studies (manuals for better loving, socially redeeming looks at the relationship of sex and society, sex and politics and probably even sex and carpentry) lie some of the most hard-core passages around today.

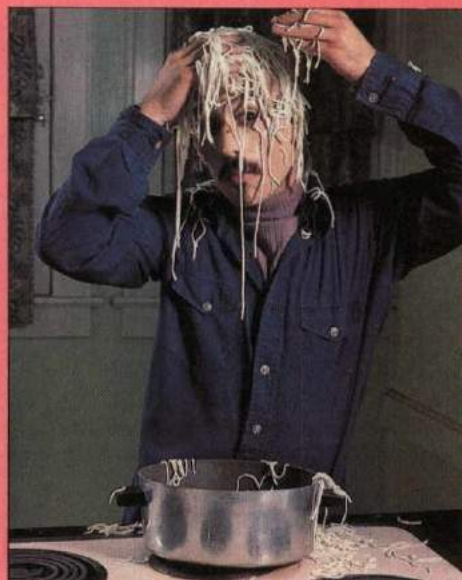
We can't deny that some people are genuinely interested in these topics, but we also can't help wondering if being able to buy erotica in respectable bookstores rather than resorting to adult shops plays a role in the success of these books. Reports that the majority of those buying them are women seem to substantiate this idea.

HUSTLER might never have upset America's bluenoses if each staff member had an M.D. following his or her name.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT



1 Curing baldness is as easy as cooking spaghetti.



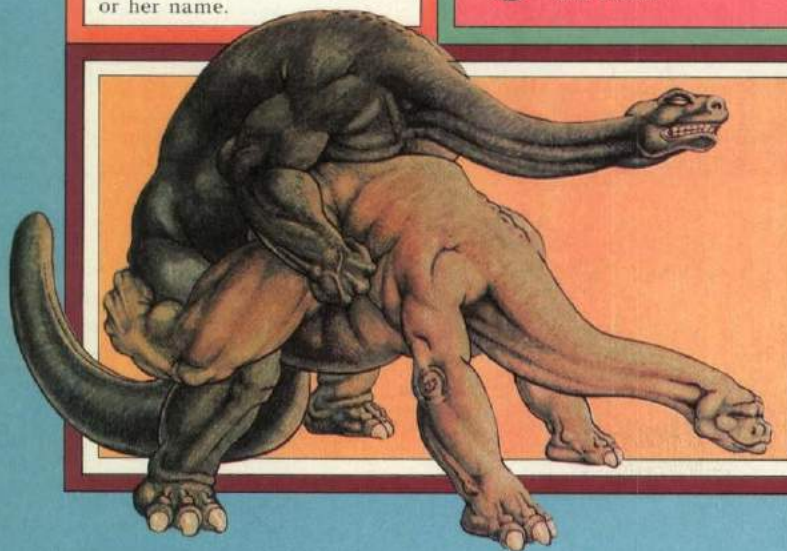
2 Simply arrange the strands on your head...



3 ...and then spray and comb.



4 Voila! You're ready to go out!



Leaping Lizards

Scientists claim that the brontosaurus was probably a vegetarian preferring a misty creekbed environment. However, when it came to getting a piece of meat, the male bronto would root in much warmer places. If you've ever wondered how dinosaurs satisfied their natural, healthy desires,

then this illustration by Bob Aull should straighten out any misconceptions. But the horny critters lost out in the race to survive because their brains got so small they forgot what to do with their genitals. Today, some human beings are falling prey to the same problem.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF ELIZABETH RAY

It's been a year since we ran a feature on Elizabeth Ray, the Capitol Hill *sex*retary whose allegations that she had been placed on the federal payroll for sexual purposes brought down one of Washington's most powerful men. We bought the pictures for that feature from free-lance photographer Barry M. Blackman, who had shot them before Ray gained national prominence.

Initially, we offered Ray \$25,000 to do a photo session with our own photographer,

but she turned us down. She had already posed for *Playboy* and was paid a reported \$250, thereby showing herself to be a hundred times dumber than we had originally figured.

Now, new evidence has come to light indicating we gravely overestimated Liz Ray's mentality.

She recently sued us, Blackman and Blackman's agent, William Tucker, for allegedly violating her "right to publicity" by publishing her nude photographs in *HUSTLER*'s September 1976 issue.

Named in the same legal action was *Cheri* magazine, which last year also published

nude photos of Ray it had purchased from Blackman. Edward Greensfelder, attorney for *Cheri* and Blackman, and Laurence Sturtz, attorney for *HUSTLER*, had an opportunity to conduct a pre-courtroom examination of Liz to learn what the suit was all about, especially since *HUSTLER* has the model's release form that she signed for photographer Blackman. The following excerpts from the transcript of that hearing should show you that the whole thing is clear as mud.

Sturtz: You didn't have anything on in that picture [you did for *Playboy*]?

Ray: Toenails.

Sturtz: Did *Playboy* tell you they wanted nude photographs of you?

Ray: Yes, they said nude, you know, but sometimes you have a scarf on your foot or something, you know.

Sturtz: If you had worn the scarf on your foot, would you have been more comfortable?

Ray: Yes. Anything. Right. I mean seriously, you know that.

* * *

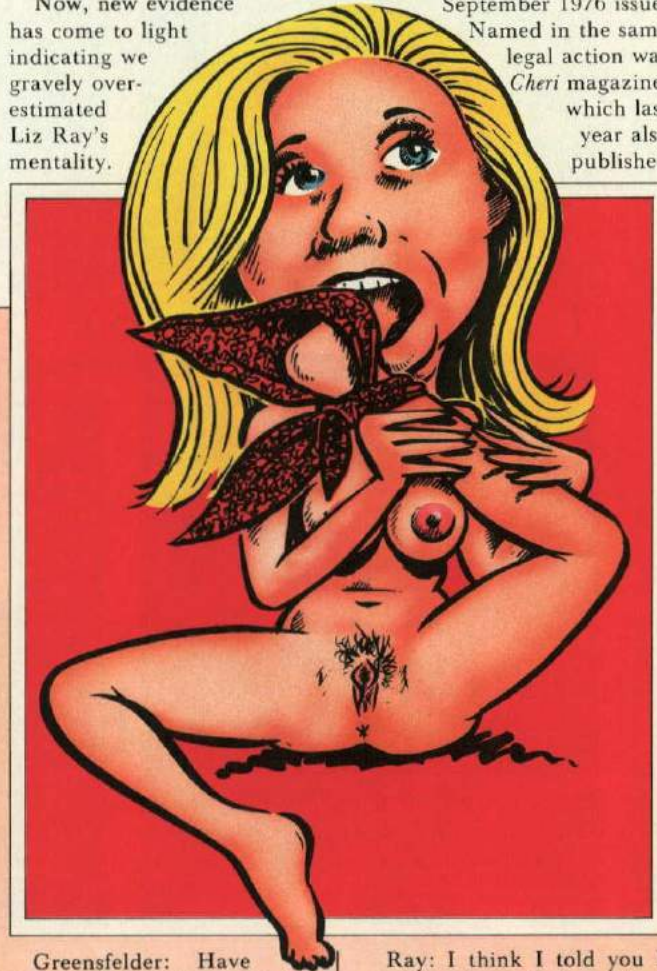
Greensfelder: Miss Ray, tell me the name of the first person who employed you for pay.

Ray: What do you mean, employed for pay? ... You have no right invading my privacy ... Slanderous question ...

* * *

Greensfelder: Do you know how to read?

Ray: I can read simple words, yes.



Greensfelder: Have you read *Washington Fringe Benefit* [a book supposedly written by Ray]?

Ray: I haven't read it.

* * *

Greensfelder: Did you have an attorney in September of '72?

Ray: No, because I thought that only bad people had attorneys then.

Greensfelder: Did you ever write Mr. Blackman a letter?

Ray: I think I told you I never wrote anybody a letter. Nor do I type them, Mister. The phone is my means of communication. My phone bill is ironic.

* * *

Greensfelder: Will you describe to me what constitutes your right to publicity?

Ray: I don't understand.

* * *

Greensfelder: Have you ever appointed Mr. [William]

Tucker [Blackman's agent] as your agent?

Ray: You know, you're a bad interviewer. Tom Snyder [of NBC's *Tomorrow* show] was much better. Tucker should know that, he stayed up to watch me last night. Tom Snyder was better.

* * *

Sturtz: Have you ever executed an agreement with anyone to act as your agent prior to 1972?

Ray: Explain to me because "execute" scares me because that's what they did to Gilmore.

* * *

Greensfelder: Do you know Rudy Maxa [*Washington Post* reporter]?

Ray: Is the Pope Catholic? Is a rabbi Jewish? Well, why is he asking me obscene questions?

* * *

By now, you should get the picture. If Congress operates like most businesses, which are actually run by secretaries, then we can understand why the federal government is so screwed up.

FLICK YOUR PIC

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Just follow your nose to the "Flick Your Pic" display and you won't go wrong. Available at better delis everywhere. And remember, the Pic makes an ideal bar mitzvah gift!

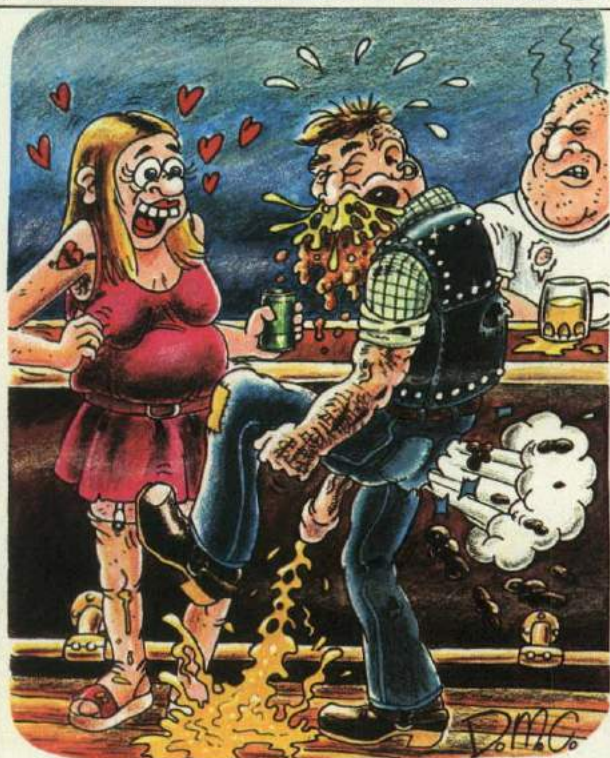


MATTEL'S BONER

In our February 1976 issue, *Bits & Pieces* reported on the playtime breakthrough involving dolls with sex organs, then available in Canada. Now Mattel, the giant U.S. toymaker, has publicly penetrated the genital market here. Mattel is currently running full-page ads in national magazines for its "Baby Brother Tender Love"—a doll with a cock the size of Al Goldstein's. Although the ads show the doll with its

plastic pecker exposed, the pussies at Mattel don't have the balls to say that Baby Brother has a penis. Instead, they choose meaningless expressions such as "He's just about as real as he can be" and "He's built exactly the way little boys come into this world." Obviously, Mattel doesn't mind making greenbacks on genitals, but it refuses to make specific reference to them, thus failing to call a penis a penis.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



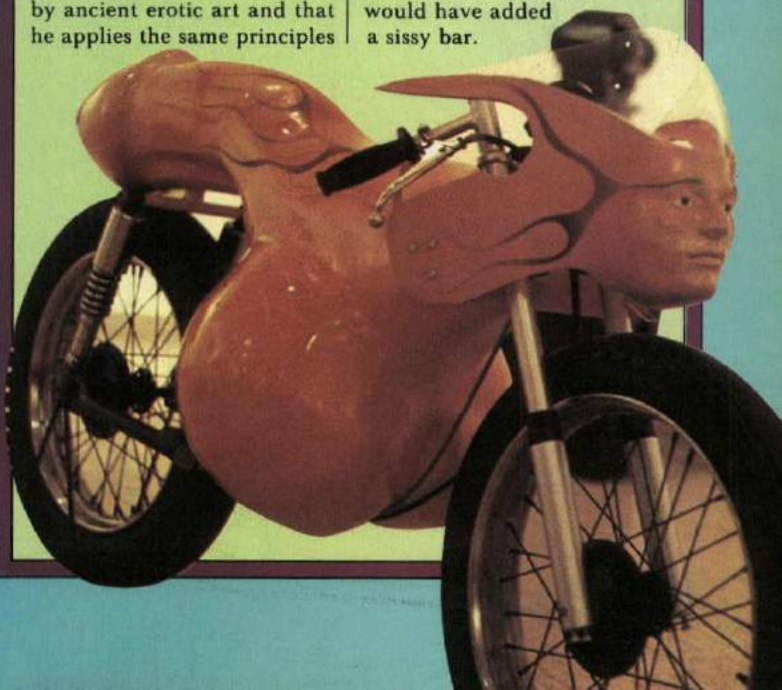
"Gee, Charlie, I never knew anyone before who could shit, piss, burp, fart, puke and blow his nose all at the same time!"

HARD RIDER

Most people suspect that women like to ride motorcycles simply because bikes are oversized vibrators. But sculptor John Krumrein of College Park, Maryland, has taken the mystery out of that discussion with one of his erotic artworks, "Testicycle."

The 28-year-old artist says that his pieces are influenced by ancient erotic art and that he applies the same principles

to modern themes. Krumrein also points out that he doesn't feel his work can be called obscene, since he tries to inject humor into each sculpture. We figure the only people who would be offended by this are the motorcycle manufacturers, who didn't come up with the idea first. But they probably would have added a sissy bar.





NO SHOW

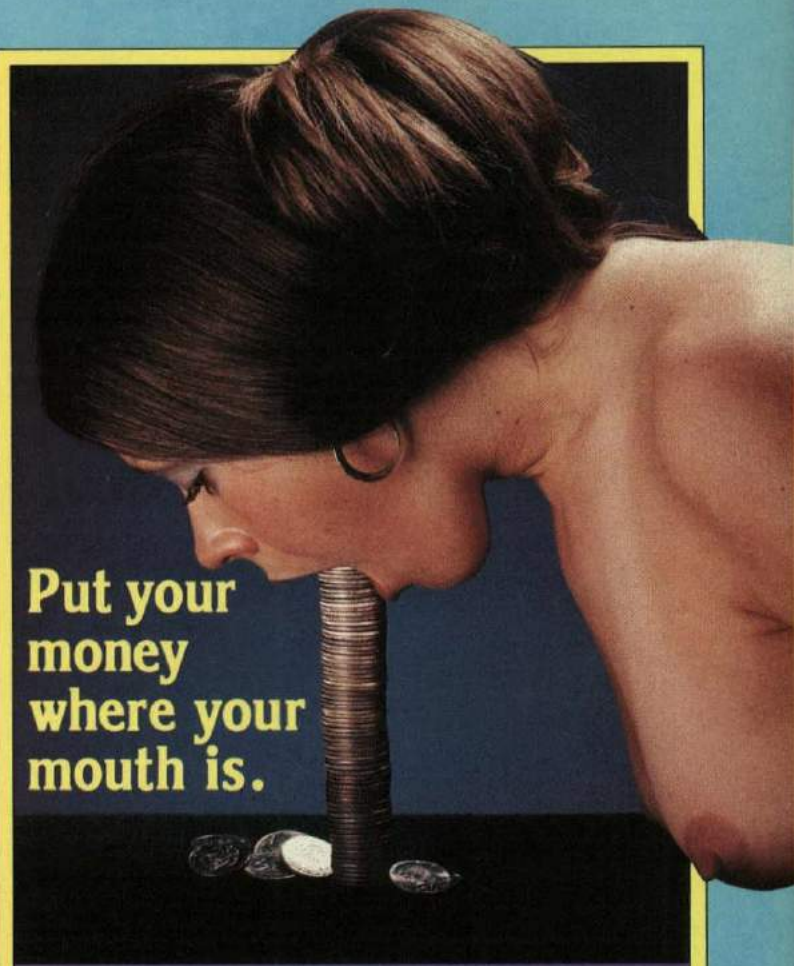
Newsstands are glutted with material about stars—actors, actresses, models and jockpersons—and all of it's boring. Now there's a new magazine, *Show* (\$1.95, Show Enterprises, Inc., 708 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017), that's about as interesting as Lillian Carter's beauty secrets.

A&P heir Huntington Hartford originally tried to publish *Show*, finally resorting to girl features to boost readership. But tits don't mean sales, and the curtain

closed on *Show*. In its present incarnation, publisher Stephan Saunders claims, *Show* is a "totally new concept in men's magazines, the first in over 20 years." The "new" includes telling us that Charlie's Angels don't get along, that Elton John receives tons of mail about his bisexuality and that snot Tatum O'Neal idolizes Bianca Jagger.

Saunders even presumes that a reader could care about what kind of women famous actors are attracted to: Hence, he allows Jack Nicholson, Henry Winkler and Telly Savalas to comment on the models showcased in the premier issue. Each month, actors will make inane statements like: "I'm not a tit, leg or ass man—a woman's beauty is determined by what's in her heart." (Savalas).

Like all Johnny-come-latelies, *Show* has about as much lift as an overdose of Valium and is about as in tune with the times as Anita Bryant. And it's distributed by Capital—the same outfit that turned state's evidence against HUSTLER in Cincinnati.



Put your money where your mouth is.

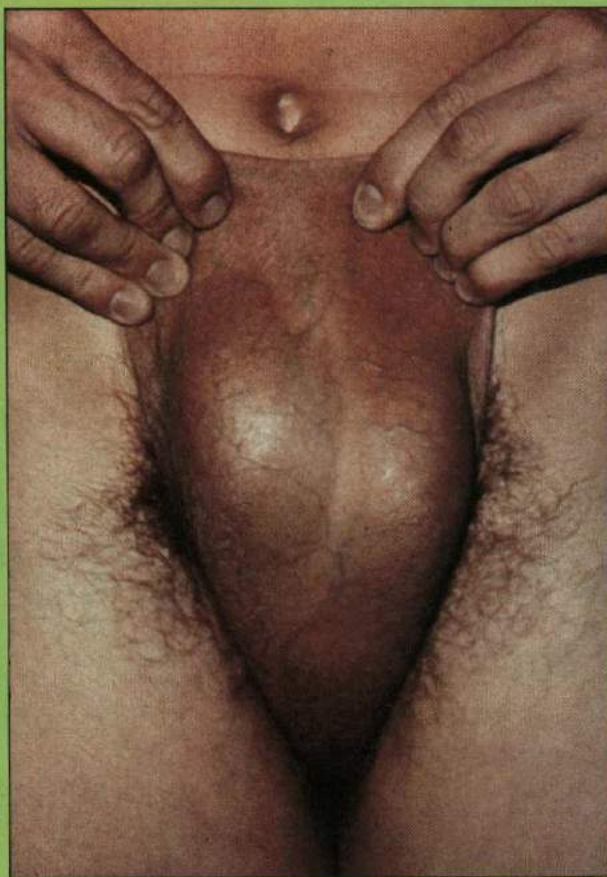
It doesn't come easy, especially with inflation, but you can

bet that a stack this size will give her a change of heart.



Ghetto Bowling

How do firemen stationed in ghettos pass the time on hot summer days? They've worked a deal with the nappy-headed urchins who unplug hydrants and play in the spray. By dressing ten of the little buggers in monkey suits, the firemen play their own version of a favorite Polish pastime. And we hear from Uganda that Idi Amin now prefers this sport to demolition derbies.



Rubber Balls

In the May 1977 *Bits & Pieces* section, we showed how girls have fun with flaps. Well, men can amuse themselves with their genitals too.

Underground magician Eli Stick invented this trick, which he calls "the Vanishing Johnson." The maneuver involves grabbing the bottom of his scrotum and hoisting it over his tool so quickly that it seems to disappear before your very eyes.

Our first reaction was to refer Eli and his magic wand to the *Gong Show*. Sure, it may not be the easiest way to gain fame and fortune, but we think Eli has the balls to give it a try.



HORN TOAD DILEMMA

There was a time when people would have laughed at the

idea of a water bed, but anything can happen in fairy

tales. This fellow isn't dressed in the latest Fire Island fashions, nor is he green with envy over the young lady's lace pillows. Actually, the man is offering to demonstrate the Golden Shower Massager while singing, "Why just squat to make water, when a shower can turn you on?" Although the chick pooh-poohed his sales pitch, she did agree to meet him later at his pad. We think this kind of relationship could end with a very bad case of vaginal warts.

DISCO DUPE

A nude couple embracing on the cover of a record album entitled *Bareback* had some of our female staffers panting. Most of them said that they would purchase the Capitol Records release simply because of the cover's connotations. Then we played this album debut by Richard Torrance, and instead of palpitating labias—the kind that rock singer Gino Vannelli gives women—the HUSTLER gals experienced limp lips.

Torrance likes to call his music "contemporary West Coast pop," which is nothing more than acoustic guitar,



keyboards and horns blending in a quiet rock base. Furthermore, there's nothing spectacular about Torrance's voice. If you like the ballad and up-tempo styles of Kris Kristofferson, Rita Coolidge, Linda Ronstadt and Judy Collins—folksingers whose music doesn't make any waves—then you'll like *Bareback*. But don't be taken in by the cover; it fails to deliver what it implies visually.



Following Suit

You remember *Penthouse* magazine and its publisher Bob Guccione. They were enjoying a minor success a couple of years back. If by chance you've seen one of their issues recently, it's probably obvious to you that *Penthouse* is not doing anything controversial or exciting. So Guccione has apparently decided to ride on HUSTLER's coattails in an attempt to boost his sagging readership. He's suing us for \$160 million for defamation of

character because of a cartoon in our May 1976 issue which Guccione thought had something to do with him.

Actually, the cartoon was about a former HUSTLER staff photographer, Eric Goccione, who was fired for imitating Guccione's style. This fuck-up on Guccione's part doesn't surprise us, since it's typical of an Italian not to know how to spell his own name. Or maybe he got confused because the cartoon was in focus.

DEAD RINGER

Last month we told you that Tony Power, ex-publisher of *Club* and its lispig offspring *Club Quest*, was doing his all to comfort dead photographer Fred Enke's mourning lady, Olivia. This picture should give you an idea of why Power's heart—and other organs—went out to the grief-stricken woman. No doubt Power felt Olivia would be better off if she shed the garb of sorrow and soaked in some warm rays. However, Power himself is taking a chance by exposing his scrawny, pink-skinned body to the elements. We hope this relationship doesn't come to a dead end like Enke.



If you have any interesting or unusual *Bits & Pieces* contributions, please pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$100 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Bits & Pieces*. HUSTLER buys all rights to material accepted for publication. Original art will be returned upon request. Submissions we don't use will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

For September we send \$100 to Greg Abel, Bob Aull, Tom Hachtman, Gary Hallgren, John Krumrein and Tom Studley. Special thanks to Peaches Records & Tapes.

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RATED REVIEWS

*From Reflections:
Masking their incestuous
desires, brother, sister and
cousin frustrate themselves
and the viewers.*

MOVIES

by Larry Wichman

REFLECTIONS

Although *Reflections* pretends to be a serious psychological study of brother-sister incest, it is nothing more than hollow, contrived psycho-pornography. The phenomenon of this taboo is presented in such a way as to mangle both eroticism and truth.

Bob Thomas and Khristine Hellar play a brother and sister whose love for one another is tempered by the strange games they play. Khristine continually tries to arouse her brother with such tactics as fucking his friends in his

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, as many films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the genuine article.

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION!

If this one doesn't get it up, you are probably dead because it is almost a constant turn-on.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. However, it can still be beat.

HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

presence. But the brother and sister's sexual contact is limited to mutual masturbation because Khristine feels guilty about their desire for each other. As they continue their uniquely frustrating existence, Khristine comes off as a cockteaser, and Bob a pansy.

As if there weren't enough problems in such a relationship, we find a cousin (Annette Haven) who plans on getting even with the pair for sexually rejecting her during childhood. Annette toys with the couple's emotions, making Khristine jealous by thwarting Bob's advances in such a way as to entice him even more. Eventually, Bob dopes his cousin and tries to rape her. Khristine catches Bob in the act, kicks him out of the room and makes love to

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Annette—pretending all the while that it's her brother she's balling. Furthermore, the entire sequence is loaded with dialog that leads one to believe the siblings have flipped out and reverted to their childhood.

Instead of a serious and far-reaching inquiry into incest, *Reflections* is an inane, simplistic exploitation of a complex problem. What the movie reflects, ultimately, is the film maker's low estimation of his audience's intelligence.

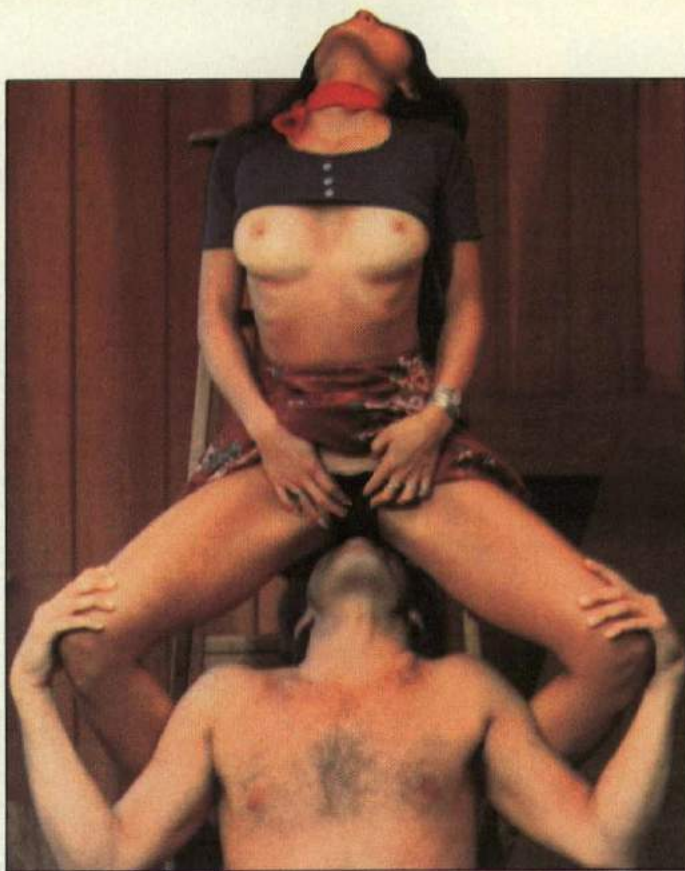
COUNT THE WAYS

In spite of its billing as "the most erotic love story ever filmed," *Count the Ways* is one porn flick to stay away from. It is an uninspired production, forgettable at best, that offers nothing more than nonstop sex between all those West Coast regulars we've been seeing too much of lately.

Tyler Reynolds stars as a hippie college professor who keeps his job by balling the dean's daughter (Hope Stockton). Hope portrays a bitch who dominates Tyler until he finally gets fed up and turns his amorous attentions to one of his lovelier students (Yvonne Greene). Thus the stage is set for a little romance, a little jealousy and a lot of bad acting.

When Greene and Reynolds profess their love for each other during a ski trip to Lake Tahoe, Reynolds appears to fall into a temporary state of catatonia. He displays his "deep emotions" by deciding he respects his pupil too much to ball her at the first opportunity. Unfortunately his voice carries about as much conviction as Richard Nixon's. Greene comes off a bit more sincere, but then the timid personality of the character she portrays makes it easier.

Technical flaws, such as the distorted dubbing of



John Leslie remembers to bring his lunch to work in *Reflections*.

Hope Stockton's voice, plague the entire production. Furthermore, entire sex scenes unrelated to the plot have been thrown in haphazardly throughout the movie, making it appear as if porn loops were used as a filler.

Ultimately, however, no amount of filler can redeem this cinematic dry-heave and viewers looking for an "erotic love story" would be best advised to look elsewhere.

PORTRAIT OF SEDUCTION

After last year's flood of flagellation films, you may never want to see another S&M movie. But *Portrait of Seduction*—a West Coast release with lots of new tits and ass—gives the subject a new slant. It's the story of a woman who marries a man twice her age, then begins a bondage love affair with her punk, domineering stepson.

The film opens with a beautifully photographed

fuck scene involving the leading lady, Vicky Lyon, and her newly wedded husband. This scene is unusual for porn fare because, aside from the superb color reproduction (which is more life-like than staring at your own woman eyeball-to-muff), the consummation is not done in the standard pull-it-out, jerk-it-off cumshot. The man comes *inside* the woman. How refreshing!

Vicky Lyon is quite attractive, and though obviously in her 30s, she virtually steals the show. But Monique Cardin, who plays the stepson's bisexual lover, can be equally arousing. In the movie's best sex scene, Lyon and Cardin get it on while stepson Terry (Jeff Stone) watches. It is not just the women's beauty that makes the scene work. The photography and direction must be credited as well. Instead of just gobbling muff, the two women hump sensually, realistically. In fact, this sequence is so well executed that it will make you wish you were a lesbian—almost.

Sex notwithstanding, *Portrait* develops problems when the plot intercedes. In order to break the monotony of having the stepson and stepmother ball repeatedly, some rather pretentious bondage and ass-fucking is thrown in. Even though the butt-plugging is some of the most graphic I've ever seen, the rupturing of a hemorrhoid in one sequence is sure to be a turn-off. But if you don't care about plot (or blood), and if the type of mental torture implied in this film fascinates you, you're sure to enjoy *Portrait of Seduction*.

HARD SOAP, HARD SOAP

Usually, porn comedies are not as entertaining as they could be, largely because the humor is strained and sophomoric. However, *Hard Soap*, *Hard Soap*, a porn parody of TV's *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, proves that comedy and sexuality can be combined to produce a genuinely funny movie. Penned by John Chapman, a former television scriptwriter, *Soap* has witty dialog and an imaginative plot, which allow the actors to turn in accomplished performances.

Soap stars Laurien Dominique, an actress making her debut as a porn starlet. She plays a middle-class housewife who compulsively takes on the problems of the world—all of which happen to be sexual. For example, when her milkman confesses that he can't seem to satisfy his wife, Dominique suspects it has something to do with the size of his organ. She has a look, cops a feel and gets in a good fuck, during which she repeatedly asks in a Mary Hartman monotone, "Do you think you'll be finished soon? I'm expecting someone." Afterward, she advises the milkman to talk dirty to his wife when he balls her.



Things are very hot, very hot in the spoof *Hard Soap*, *Hard Soap*.

Throughout the film, Dominique tries to help one loser after another, such as a peeping-tom paperboy and her sister, who claims to have lost her sight. ("I was blinded by a flasher in the fresh fruit section.")

But she has a problem: Her psychiatrist husband (John Holmes) hasn't balled her in four days. Consequently, she enlists the aid of her scrumptious girlfriend (Candida Royalle) in the hopes that Candida has the solution. But Candida, who's wrapped up in her own extramarital affairs, only succeeds in getting Dominique laid by someone other than Holmes.

The only aspect of *Soap* lacking punch is the photography. In an anal rape sequence, for instance, the

cameraman failed to photograph the actual penetration—either a shadow or a set of balls seemed to get in the way of his camera.

Essentially though, *Hard Soap*, *Hard Soap* is an excellent film with something for everyone—including those of you who like busty female impersonators—and this bubbly, bawdy farce should appeal to both sexes.

BEL AMI



Before Harry Reems went on trial in Memphis, Tennessee, for his role in *Deep Throat*, he made a film in Sweden entitled *Bel Ami*. And while he might hope that the film wouldn't play American movie houses for fear of

future legal hassles, he has nothing to be embarrassed about as far as his role in this film is concerned.

Reems's performance in *Bel Ami* is just too good to be true. He plays a sexual misfit who, after not getting laid for years, lands a job on the staff of *Playhouse* magazine, where he finds himself surrounded by an abundance of pussy. The women don't take long to discover that Harry's the only truly satisfying lay around—even if there's a waiting line to his bed. During the filming, Reems did not have to worry about his dialog (his voice is dubbed), allowing him to concentrate on his stage presence, which comes across magnificently.

Bel Ami is a prime piece of erotica for other reasons as well. For starters, there's Christa Linder, a Scandinavian blonde with looks that dazzle the eye. Christa never fucks anyone, but it's heaven just watching her parade around in the nude. She has a magnificent figure, and her angelic face is rivaled only by the beauty of Maria Lynn, another Scandinavian goddess whose features are even more innocent than Christa's. Reems gets it on with a number of breathtaking women in this film, each one worth the risk of another indictment.

Because of the loveliness of the cast and Reems's outstanding performance, *Bel Ami* is in a class of its own among today's porn films.

Harry Reems puts the squeeze on Swedish meatball Maria Lynn, just part of the smorgasbord in *Bel Ami*.



ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

Erection

Autobiography of a Flea
Desires within Young Girls
Femmes de Sade
In the Realm of the Senses
Jail Bait
Kinky Ladies
Midnight Desires
Odyssey
The Opening of Misty Beethoven
Sweet Cakes
Through a Looking Glass

Three-Quarters Erect

Captain Lust
Eruption
Heat Wave
The Keyhole
Peach Fuzz
Sex Wish
The Spirit of Seventy-Sex
Sweet Taste of Honey

Half-Erect

Babyface
The Beast
The Devil inside Her
Les Nympho Teens
Love in Strange Places
Mary! Mary!
The Porn Brokers
The Sinful Pleasures of Reverend Star
Tonight We Love

One-Quarter Erect

Candylips
Funk
Inside Marilyn Chambers
Kinkorama
Sweet Punkin
A Touch of Sex
The Trouble with Young Stuff

Totally Limp

Cherry Hustlers
Let My Puppets Come
Reunion
Snuff

HUSTLER

Books & Movies

Masturbation

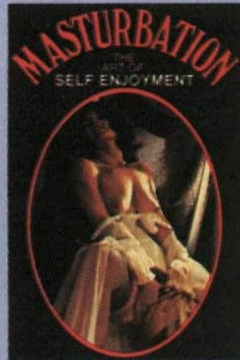
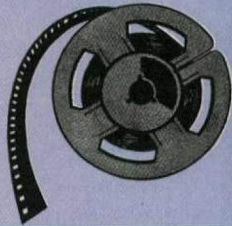
The Art of Self-Enjoyment

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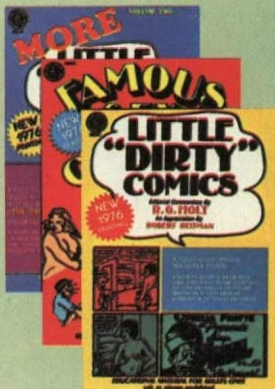
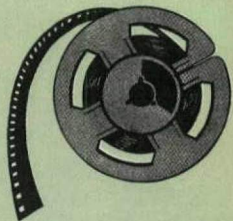
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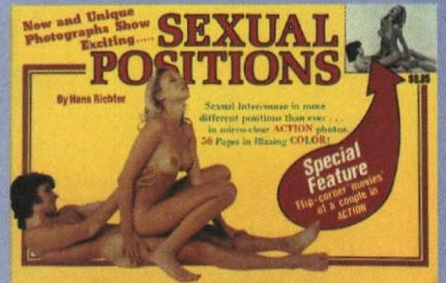
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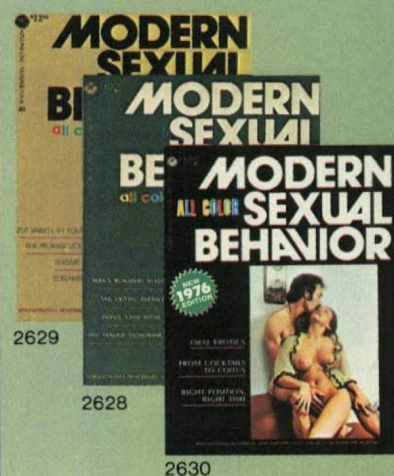
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Edited by Mike Sheeter

WOMAN'S BODY: AN OWNER'S MANUAL

By the Diagram Group
Paddington Press, Ltd.
Distributed by Grosset &
Dunlap
51 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10010
\$6.95

The members of the Diagram Group have produced a book that reads very much like something that might have been in the crate with your woman when you unpacked her. You get the impression that this is not so much a book as it is a model kit. Instead of chapters, there are weird alphabetical segments, like an army field manual. This is no real flaw, though, and certainly *Woman's Body* is an excellent book overall.

There are sections full of sensible advice on rape defense, feminine hygiene, weight control and all-around health care which more than justify the book's asking price. On the other hand, there are weird little bits of information that might be tie-breakers in a feminist trivia contest. In fact, in their zeal to get all the data about woman and her body down on paper, the Diagram Group may have committed one major error—that of telling the reader more than he or she may care to know. For example, what woman would be interested in learning how her height and weight stack up against the averages of Sudanese Negro women or lady Eskimos?

One male editor, upon seeing these and other statistics, put the book aside and began to worry. Like most males, he had always taken his woman for granted. Certainly she had always seemed a sturdy and dependable sort, and he had

looked forward to years of uninterrupted good service. One peek at *Woman's Body* has jolted him from his fool's paradise. Men, you have no idea of the scope and range of things that can happen to a woman's body and mind over the course of a lifetime. Get this book and check out the diagram of the 80-year-old lady on page MO4-06. In the interest of fairness, it should be noted that there is a similar book for men, too. We don't stack up much better in the long run. Women live longer.

If you're a gal, *Woman's Body* is must reading. If you're a man, you should probably get a grip on yourself and read it too. At least the instructions are in English for a change, and not in Japanese.

THE VIRILE MAN

By Sheldon L. Fellman, M.D.
and Paul Neimark
Stein and Day
Scarborough House
Briarcliff Manor, New York
10510
\$8.95

The Virile Man is a pop-psychology book with a novel twist. Remember Bill Y., Dewey X., and all the other alphabet people who traditionally live in pop-psych

books? Well, *The Virile Man* brings them all into the picture, and every one of them has the same problem. None of them can get it up, which leaves them open to a lot of static from Lucy Y., Shirley Z. and Love Doll A.

In addition to all the tragedy, *The Virile Man* has a comic ace up its sleeve. Have you ever wondered what Dr. Norman Vincent Peale would sound like trying to josh you out of impotence? If you have, this is the book for you. In fact, optimism is the key to potency, says Dr. Sheldon L. Fellman, one of the talented humorists responsible for *The Virile Man*. According to Dr. Fellman, the key to getting it up is contained within the slogan: "I think I can, I think I can..." Sooner or later, says Dr. Fellman, an uplift in your outlook will be accompanied by an uplift of your makin's.

The idea that impotence is usually a psychological problem rather than a physical one is nothing new. Almost all authorities agree that you can get it up when you think you can get it up, because impotence is often nothing more than lack of sexual confidence. For most of us, *The Virile Man* has value only as a reminder of

what we already know.

If you don't happen to be impotent, then you don't have to read *The Virile Man*. Just remember to say to yourself: "Tonight my cock won't be a limp, useless piece of numbed meat." There's nothing that the proper attitude won't get you through.

MARIO PUZO INSIDE LAS VEGAS

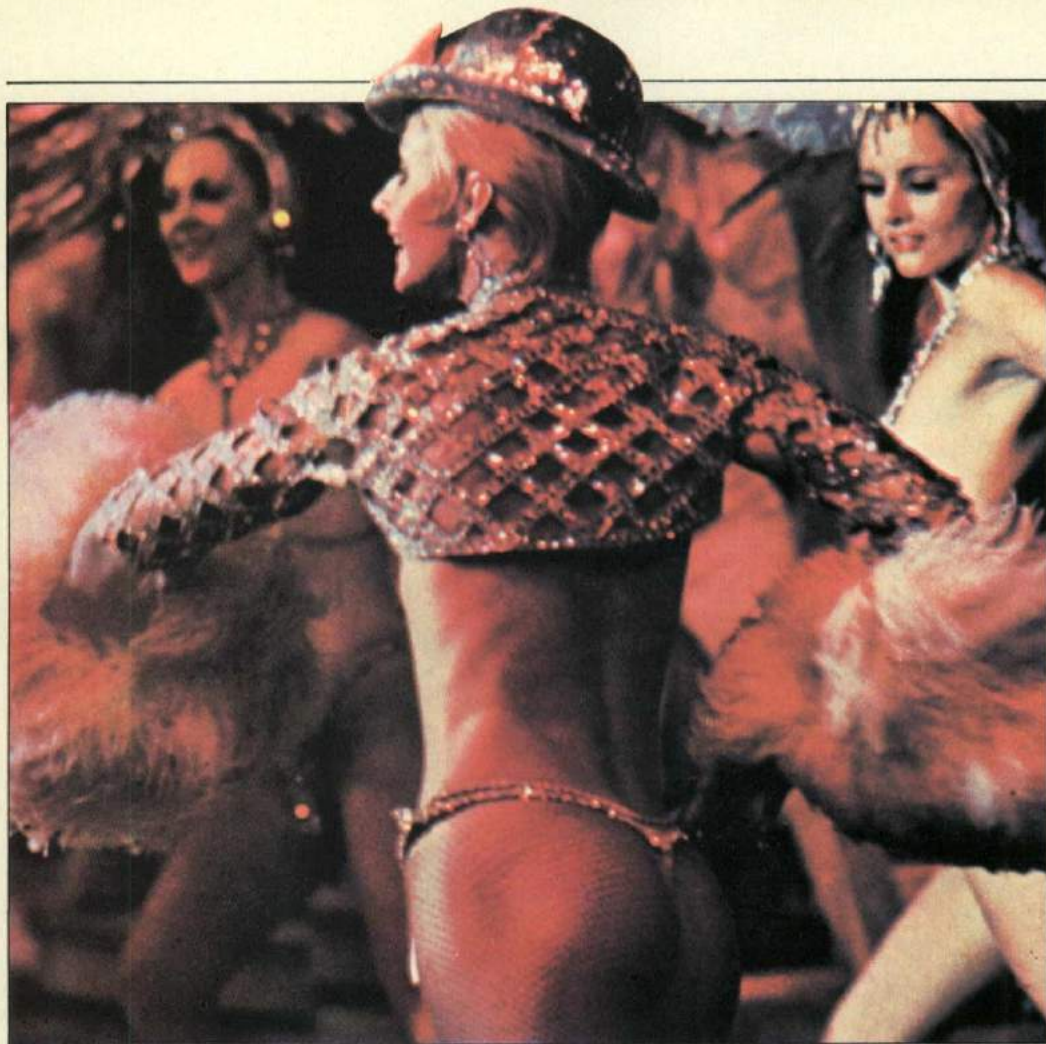
By Mario Puzo
Grosset & Dunlap
51 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10010
\$14.95

Mario Puzo, author of the fantastically successful novel *The Godfather*, doesn't recall exactly how he decided to write his latest book, *Inside Las Vegas*. He speculates that it may have been his editor who first suggested the idea to him, based upon Puzo's admitted reputation as a "degenerate gambler."

Like any other writer, Puzo is something of a gambler by profession, staking his talent against the sucker's odds of achieving both literary and financial success. He has won on both counts to an extent that few other writers can begin to



Twenty-four-hour havens for old ladies with Dixie cups full of nickels—Mario Puzo's *Inside Las Vegas*.



Inside Las Vegas: Life is a cabaret for everyone but the Vegas showgirl—for her it's just another job.

match, and with *Inside Las Vegas*, he has wagered that he can function with his usual success even in a new game—that of writing as a reporter.

The bet is covered by his novelist's eye, but more than that he shows in this book that he has the born gambler's knack of knowing what the competition has in play at all times. Las Vegas is a subject that has been covered exhaustively by others, but Puzo, pro that he is, has come up with plenty of new and interesting material.

Inside Las Vegas is a masterful blend of raw information and the writer's impressions. Puzo can characterize a blackjack dealer or an expensive hooker with fewer words and more insight than anyone who has ever been there before him. He knows Las Vegas—its personalities and customs—as well as anyone around, but, best of all, he

knows people and the way the gaming instinct works in them.

This being true, Puzo's text gives the reader what even the book's fine photographs cannot; he manages to catch the atmosphere of Las Vegas. In between the wealth of funny anecdotes and insider's gossip, the shark ethic of the place is strongly felt. To paraphrase Hunter Thompson, Vegas is a city that eats its wounded, and Puzo shows the reader how the city looks at feeding time.

Still, this is not an expose of Las Vegas. Puzo is not one to apologize for gambling. He is a high roller, and justly proud of his ability to move in deeper waters than most people. Just as he refuses to apologize for his own gambling habit, he refuses to look at the glitter of Vegas through the eyes of a moralist. Instead, he has taken the city on as an opponent—and

it looks as though he has another winner on his hands.

THE DAVID KOPAY STORY

By David Kopay
and Deane Young
Arbor House Publishing
Company, Inc.
641 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10022
\$8.95



David Kopay spent 10 seasons in pro football—a competent, aggressive player who saw a lot of action. Yet today, no longer an active player, Kopay is remembered not for his style of play or his achievements on the field, but as the first professional athlete to come out of the closet. Probably one of his own teammates summed up the general reaction best—“I always thought football was the last bastion of masculinity.”


To this reaction Kopay

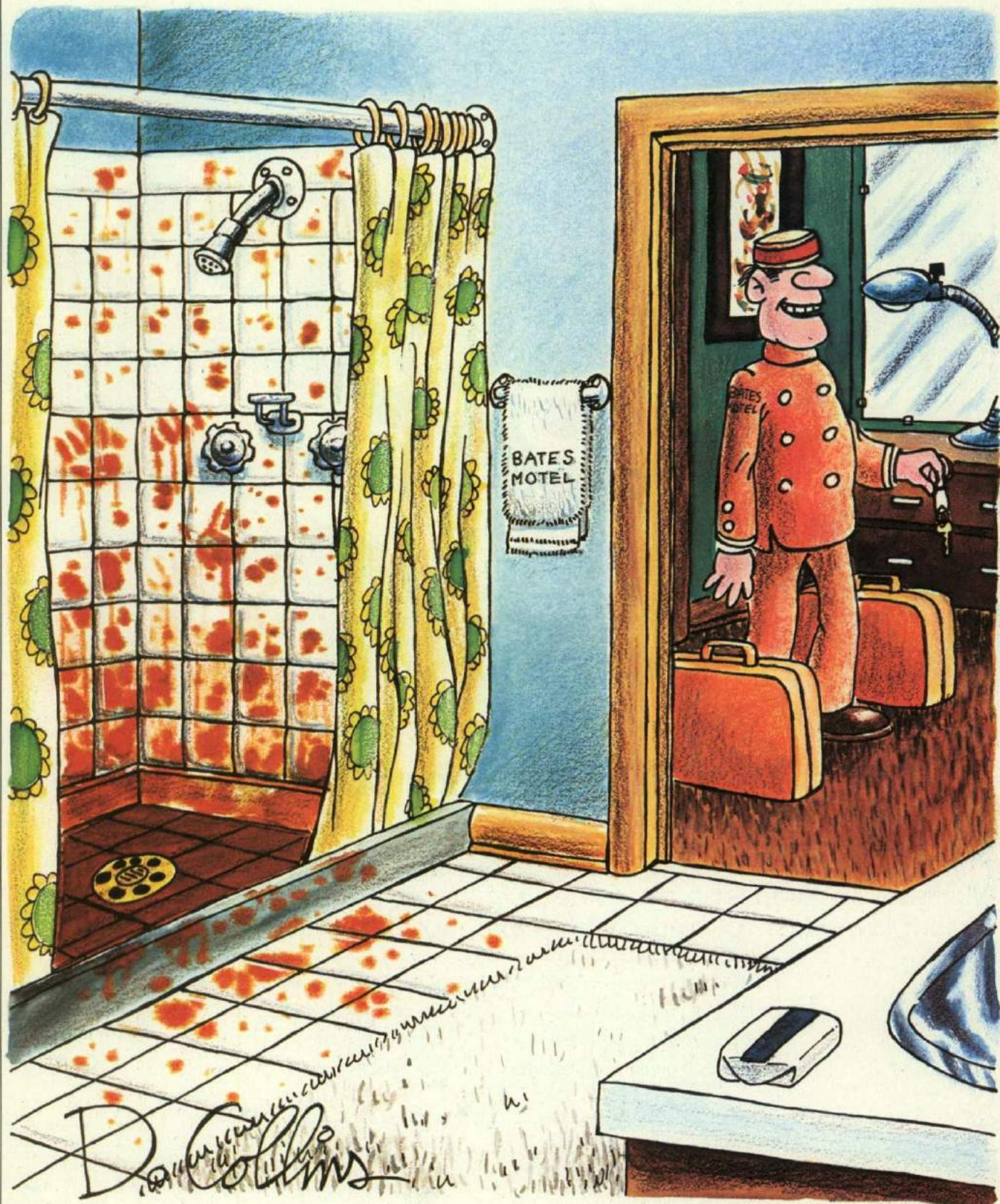
responds that being gay is pure masculinity. Despite the difficulty his readers might have accepting that notion, they will be forced to agree that Kopay has acted the man in acknowledging his homosexuality.

When he called a sports reporter friend to make his announcement, Kopay had no idea what the consequences would be. It was not an easy move to make. Unlike many gays, Kopay had never been made to feel that he was less masculine than other men. Society elevates the professional athlete into the realms of the superhuman, and David Kopay must have been uncomfortably aware of the backlash visited against superstars revealed to be human.


Happily, there seems to have been relatively little faggot-baiting in Kopay's case. For once, the macho football establishment is willing to overlook what would have been a major scandal five years ago. Whether or not Kopay and other gay athletes will find acceptance from coaches and fans is another matter.

In reading *The David Kopay Story* you have to wonder what sort of reception would have been accorded a player less talented than Dave Kopay, or perhaps to a gay quarterback exposed by some newspaperman. Kopay says that there are other gay football pros, and he hints that there may be roughly the same proportion of gays in the locker rooms as there is on the streets.

As of this writing, no other well-known athletes have stepped forward to identify themselves as gay. Still, this is an era in which athletes are more political—more militant—than they have ever been before. Sooner or later it is inevitable that others will come out of the closet. When they do, they will almost certainly owe a debt to Kopay and the inspiration his ballsy act gave them. 



"Believe it or not, Tony Perkins once spent the night in this very room."



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SEXPLAY

I was browsing through the magazines at a local adult bookstore when I picked up one with an intriguing cover photo of a beautiful model suspended from the ceiling by her arms. My interest was captured, and I started leafing through what turned out to be a catalog listing leather and rubber garments and various restraint devices.

At the time, bondage was not my bag, but the photos in the catalog were something to behold. They showed damsels in all forms of distress: tied to racks, contorted by harnesses, breasts squeezed by heavy leather bras, waists cinched by corsets, vibrators held in place by wide black straps, soft mouths quieted by gags. It didn't take the bulge in my pants to tell me that the sight of a bound, naked female was a real turn-on. I bought the catalog and hurried home to explore the world of kinky sex.

But bondage remained a fantasy for me until one evening when my girlfriend, Cindy, discovered the catalog and asked what it was. "Just a magazine I picked up somewhere," I explained, trying to sound casual as she began thumbing through the pages. "My God," she said, "look at this chastity belt!" Pointing at a harness that looped tightly between a model's legs, she boldly asked, "Would you want me to wear something like this?"

I mumbled a reply and tried to change the subject, but she was insistent. By now she had moved on to wrist and ankle cuffs. "You know, it might be fun to have you fuck me while I was all strapped up," she said. I was dumbfounded and delighted when she urged me to order a set of wrist and ankle cuffs.

Several weeks went by, and I'd almost forgotten about placing the order when a parcel arrived. I eagerly opened it and there was a gleaming set of black leather straps. That evening Cindy came over, and I produced the package, took out

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.



GLORY BOUND

by Chris Cassel

the wrist cuff and ceremoniously wrapped it around her arm. "Oh wow," she said. "How do you want me first?"

We used the cuffs in a variety of ways that night. Limited only by our imaginations, Cindy found herself spread-eagled on the bed, lying on her back, then on her stomach, or kneeling with her wrists locked to her ankles and her round ass invitingly up in the air. We even made it in the living room, bent almost double over the coffee table.

It's been more than a year since that first night, and in that time Cindy and I

have built up quite a collection of restraint devices. We've also learned a great deal about the acquisition, use and appeal of these items.

Cindy tells me that, for many women, bondage fulfills a long-buried dream that they want to be dominated, although most of them are turned off by pain and brutality. The world of restraint devices, with its treasure trove of straps, harnesses and buckles, provides an acceptable way to act out their dream with a minimal risk of injury. Never has Cindy complained of any injury whatsoever, even though she most certainly has been in some awkward, humiliating positions. Interestingly enough, many of the most contorted positions were her own idea—such as one in which a heavy strap secures her knees firmly to her chest, leaving her asshole and cunt totally exposed. To dally with her in this position, with a choice of bung hole or pussy for insertion, gives me a feeling of absolute power.

However, just because you have the power does not necessarily mean you should exercise it. Unlike sadism and masochism, restraint, or bondage, is not dependent upon pain. As I have already mentioned, pain is likely to turn your partner off to any further experimentation

with restraint. So don't take advantage of your subject when she's helpless. A little fondling, a little tickling, a little licking will go a long way, and can be pleasant tortures in themselves. Remember that some positions are difficult to hold for long periods. Bondage equipment that can be safely worn for long periods of time are usually designated as such by the manufacturer.

It is not advisable for the novice bondage enthusiast to use ropes, which can cut off circulation and cause chafing. However, restraint devices with wide straps and padding can overcome these

problems. Also, be extremely cautious with any harnesses or straps that go around the neck or chest: too tight and you may end up with an unconscious partner.

Pick the manufacturer with care. Reputable companies will stand behind their products completely, replacing or repairing any defective or damaged items. Cheap companies will try to get by with thin, poor-quality leather, lightly riveted hasps, and locking mechanisms that wouldn't even hold a kitten. Cheap restraint devices often don't allow enough adjustment, hence a poor fit for most people.

The better companies use thick leather, sturdy hasps, and brass or steel locks. Their products are more likely to fit well, with adjustable buckles and rollers to make the cinching process simple and painless. Padding is more than sufficient, and strong attachment rings are thoughtfully placed.

Sometimes, several of the preceding items are combined into one, complex, multi-purpose harness. One, for example, employs thigh, ankle and wrist cuffs, all linked together by a short chain to minimize movement. A harness known in restraint lingo as the "overnighter" consists of thigh straps—with wrist cuffs attached—which hold the subject's wrists tightly against his or her body, allowing access to the erogenous zones. These harnesses can be worn in relative comfort and safety for long periods of time.

* * *

Of the many restraints available, wrist and ankle cuffs are the most basic, since they lend themselves to so many combinations. But there are other, more specialized items on the market that serve to round out a complete collection of bondage equipment.

If your slave tends to be vocal (and your neighbors enjoy listening), consider the wide variety of gags available: ball gags made of soft rubber that fit inside the mouth, bit gags similar to a horse's bridle and even penis gags, with a replica of a penis tip for the captive to

suck on. Most of these gags have some kind of air hole and are held on by a leather strap around the head.

Should you wish to prevent your partner from watching as you toy with her, check out blindfolds. These range from the simple Lone Ranger-style mask to a complicated hood that fits over the head and can accept accessories, such as gags or even earplugs. Between the two extremes are blindfolds that lock under the chin so they can't be worked off, face

**With her wrists
locked to her
ankles, her ass
waved invitingly
in the air.**

masks that leave only the nose and mouth exposed, and the penis gag combined with a latex or leather hood. If you can, pick a mask with protective padding over the eyes.

Breast harnesses are also popular, especially for women with large or pendulous tits. Some harnesses have removable nipple covers that snap on and off to allow access to that delicate region. Deluxe models have tiny vibrators at the nipples for continual excitement. Fit is usually a problem with breast harnesses, since no two sets of tits are the same size and shape. So make your selection carefully.

Waist cinchers are like heavy-duty corsets. But unlike the whalebone style that grandma used to wear, modern waist cinchers are made of leather. Some include a breast harness, while others have provisions for locking the elbows and wrists to the side.

Chastity belts are a vestige from medieval times, but 20th century technology has added some sophisticated twists. The simplest chastity belt resem-

bles a leather jockstrap: a waist belt that supports a crotch strap. Pulled snugly and secured by a padlock (usually at the spine), the belt will prevent access to the cunt or asshole. Many belts are sleek enough to be discreetly worn under clothing. (In fact, one manufacturer claims that as many as 30,000 American women wear chastity belts daily.) The more intricate chastity belts have a pair of thigh straps that attach to the crotch strap to prevent its being forced to the side for entry. The "spanker's belt" has an extra-wide crotch strap to force the ass cheeks apart for paddling. Some companies offer options, such as vibrators or dildoes, that snap onto the crotch strap and are forced into either cunt or asshole when the strap is tightened.

If you think turnabout is fair play, there are also cock harnesses available for your lady to use on you. Some of these have a leash attached so you can be led (gently!) to bed. But beware—penis harnesses can be dangerous and uncomfortable, since the size of the penis varies in proportion to sexual excitement.

Some custom manufacturers will, for a price, personalize restraint devices with tooled or studded initials and designs ("Property of..." seems to be a favorite these days). However, the beginner would be wise to experiment with a variety of bondage equipment before investing heavily in elaborate leather goods.

These are just a few of the restraint devices currently available, and every day new products are being developed as more and more people get into sexual experimentation. Most of these devices can be purchased from mail-order companies (they charge from \$2 to \$6 for their catalogs), but in many large cities restraint devices can be bought over the counter at bondage boutiques.

Because most bondage equipment is handmade, prices tend to be high. But every penny is well spent, if only to give you the opportunity to truthfully say: "I'm sorry, she can't come to the phone right now. She's all tied up." 🐸

Manufacturers/Distributors of Restraint Equipment

Centurians
P.O. Box AE
Westminster, California 92683

Lion Products
13510 Ventura Boulevard
Sherman Oaks, California 91403

Executive Imports
210 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10010

Karaval
P.O. Box 35719
Houston, Texas 77035

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P.O. Box 6993
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RODEO

THE COWBOY'S LAST STAND

ARTICLE BY BRUCE MARGOLIUS

Who the hell are cowboys, anyway? The word conjures up visions of western movies: gunfights and saloon brawls, scenes of saddle tramps who sleep under the stars for weeks on end and of shy he-men who'd rather kiss their horses than a girl. Well, cowboys may be crazy, but they're sure as shit not *that* crazy—at least not any more.

Last December, I went to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, or OKC as it's known locally, to check out the action at the National Rodeo Finals. The National Finals is the biggest and most important rodeo of them all. The 15 top money-winners of the year come to compete for world championships in their respective events. I assumed that it would also be where the most avid rodeo fans and groupies could be found. I figured I might even find a cowboy.

In the small Montana town where I live, a rodeo is held each Labor Day weekend. To the untrained eye, it looks as if the town has been sprayed with some bizarre chemical-warfare agent that can instantly reduce several hundred citizens to a state of babbling insanity. There are two or three dances, more than a few fights and thousands of wretched hangovers. And that's only an amateur rodeo. A week-long professional rodeo, I supposed, would involve more of everything except law and order.

The Finals began on a Friday, and I flew to OKC the next Wednesday to catch the last three days of the event. On the plane, I wondered if I'd find the National Guard patrolling the streets, trying to protect the daughters of upstanding citizens from wild cowboys. But then I'd never been to OKC.

Oklahoma City is the only place I've ever been where you could lose a full-size professional rodeo. Hell, you could probably lose the entire U.S. Marine Corps in Oklahoma City if you took away their maps and switched a few street signs. With 650 square miles and a population of about a half million, OKC is the kind of city where, in most neighborhoods, you have to get on a freeway and drive for ten minutes to buy a pack of cigarettes.

Unlike most big cities, OKC doesn't have an "international airport." It has Will Rogers World Airport, where I landed half-stewed, compliments of Frontier Airlines' two-drinks-for-the-price-of-one happy hour service.

I was sure that I had either the wrong city or the wrong date. There wasn't a single person who looked like a cowboy in sight—just hordes of traveling diode salesmen in double-knit leisure suits and black raincoats.

I'd always trusted Frontier, but look what the sons of bitches had done this time: got me liquored up and kicked off the plane in a big, lonely place (where I couldn't find my ride, hotel or my ass with both hands).

The Hilton finally came through and sent a bellman around for me in a limo. I quizzed him about rodeo-time in OKC. If the city had a special chamber of commerce for X-rated activities, he would have been president; he was into more vice than anyone but the cops. He told me that OKC is a swinging town. I asked him about cowboys—and he offered to get me one! Or a cowgirl. Or a cow. He claimed to be into *everything*. I explained the reason for my





punchatz

visit. "Yeah," the bellman said, "the rodeo headquarters was the Hilton Northwest a couple of years ago. But they had a little trouble."

"Oh yeah, what kind?"

"Well, one of the boys got a little liquored up and got on the wrong side of two city cops. They kicked the shit out of him."

As far as I'm concerned, medals should be awarded to anyone who can get drunk and rowdy at the Hilton Northwest, or anywhere else in Oklahoma City. The local liquor laws, as I learned shortly after my arrival, are the kind that only a legislature full of Bible-packing Baptists would enact.

At the Golden Gusher Club, (the hotel bar) I learned that the standard operating procedure in

Oklahoma is to bring your own bottle to a "club" and allow the proprietors to sell your booze back to you at a healthy profit. If you don't happen to bring a bottle, they're prepared. They make you sign a statement confirming that you *did* bring one, and then they sell you booze from one of their own bottles. You can buy 3.2 percent beer, but you have to quit at midnight, even though the clubs stay open until 2:00 a.m.

There are also beer bars in OKC, but they aren't as popular or exciting as a club. After all, the beer bars don't hand you a two-thirds empty bottle of liquor on your way out to the parking lot at two in the morning. Nobody at the Golden Gusher looked even vaguely like a cowboy.

* * *

The next day I got a late start, finding my rental car, the liquor store, and the National Finals Rodeo office—in that order. I thought I'd gotten a late start, but things were still kind of laid back around the Holiday Inn, where the NFR was headquartered. I stopped at the pressroom and picked up an information packet and an ID badge that indicated I was from "HUSSLER." There didn't seem to be many people in the press room who were both willing and able to talk, so I decided to take in some of the

city, including the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center just off Route 66.

As I drove across town toward the museum, I noticed more oil wells than liquor stores. They're everywhere. There are even oil derricks pumping away on the state capitol lawn. I'm told that they keep taxes down.

The Cowboy Hall of Fame is on a hill overlooking an old cattle trail. It contains prize saddles and trophies of some of the greatest rodeo cowboys of all time, exhibits of frontier lifestyles and a collection of western art.

The real heyday of the cowboy—the great cattle drives that were immortalized by movies and TV shows like *Rawhide*—came just after the Civil War. Texas longhorns, which had thrived untended during the war years, were suddenly worth money in places like Kansas and Colorado. Over the next decade or so, hundreds of huge herds, driven by thousands of cowboys, made their way north over the Chisholm, Good-

night-Loving, Bozeman and other trails.

Those longhorns weren't exactly ideal domestic animals. And the little vacation the war had provided for them didn't do anything to tame them.

Rounding up herds of these wild bovines was work that called for men who were just as wild—and perfectly willing to risk their necks dozens of times a day. Cowboys learned to wear the clothes we now associate with them—wide-brimmed hat, bandana, chaps and spurs—and learned skills such as riding and roping, that are the basis for rodeo. They also learned to get hurt, kicked, stomped and thrown, and to love it—or find another job.

As if work weren't difficult and dangerous enough, cowboys began to spend whatever leisure time they had using the same skills in informal contests. From casual gambling and hell-raising these contests evolved into a more organized sport. The first events to take on their modern form were calf roping and team roping, both of which bear a strong resemblance to what cowboys



did on the range in the course of branding or doctoring cattle.

In calf roping, the cowboy must rope a running calf, jump off his horse, throw the calf, tie its legs and climb back onto the horse. In team roping, cowboys compete in pairs—one partner trying to rope a steer's head and the other its heels. When it's done correctly, the cowboys end up sitting casually on their horses with the steer stretched helplessly between them. Both these events are timed and involve relatively little danger to the competitors. Bronc riding also began as a timed event, the winner being the cowboy who could stay on his horse longest. But the chance of injuries to riders, as well as the possibility that a lucky cowboy might stay in the saddle all afternoon, brought about a change in the rules. The bucking horse, saddle bronc and bareback events each last eight seconds. If a competitor can stay on that long, he's scored on how well he rode and how hard the horse bucked.

There are two rodeo events that bear little resemblance to any activity in a real cowboy's working life: steer wrestling and bull riding. If a cowboy out on the range wanted to get hold of a steer, he'd most likely rope it or maybe even shoot it. He sure as hell wouldn't make a diving tackle off his horse, and try to wrestle the steer to the ground by twisting its horns. But that's what they do in the rodeo, and since it's a timed event, they do it as fast as they can. Winning times are usually about five seconds and sometimes dip as low as three and a half.

Bull riding is flat-out craziness. There is no rational reason to try to ride a bull, and there are several hundred good reasons not to—including the fact that bulls weigh nearly a ton, have big horns and short tempers, and are determined to go out of their way to mutilate anyone who annoys them.

Bull riders do their best to stay on for the eight-second scoring period and then try to get off without being hooked, stomped, gored or kicked. Bull riders get hurt quite often, and when they win, the stakes aren't large. The very best of the Professional Rodeo Cowboy Association's (PRCA) bull riders might make as much as \$40,000 during a season that lasts 11 months and involves 150 rodeos. Out of their winnings—if there are any—the cowboys pay all their own expenses: entry fees, travel costs, insurance, motel bills, bar bills and the like.

The first night I attended, the bulls were the clear winners over the cowboys. Only two of fifteen riders stayed on for the eight-second scoring period. First place paid just under \$1200 and second place paid a bit less than

\$900. The purses for third and fourth places, which also totaled under \$900, were divided among the cowboys who'd been bucked off. They call this "ground money," because you have to land on the ground to get it, and it doesn't count toward championship standings. Even if it's a bit embarrassing to get paid for being bucked off, cowboys are glad to see the dollars and will point out with pride that they're drawing mean bulls.

A bull rider can't be a winner unless he draws a tough bull. That's what

Bulls are too mean to train; they don't need practice to be dangerous.

makes the event exciting—and dangerous.

On July 24, 1975, Randy Magers stood in the arena at the Days of '47 Rodeo in Salt Lake City and watched as a bull horned his best buddy in the guts. The rider, Denny Flynn, had noticed as he climbed onto the bull in the chute that its horns were long and sharp. PRCA rules call for the horns to be rounded off at the tips, but these hadn't been. However, it was a good, mean bull and Flynn thought he had a good chance of winning the event, so he took the ride.

Flynn is a right-handed rider and, after his eight seconds were up, he went off badly, toward the left. Bull riders hang onto the bull with a plaited rope rigging, which they wrap around their riding hands. If a rider goes off the opposite side, the rope tends to bind tighter and hang him up. That's what happened to Flynn, and he was hung up just long enough to get in the way of one of those pointed horns. It went in not far above the navel and cut its way toward Flynn's heart, missing it by less than an inch.

"Denny came over to me holdin' his belly," Magers said. "He told me, 'Randy, I been ripped.' We opened his shirt and his intestines were hanging out. I had a re-ride coming, but I wouldn't take it. I rode to the hospital in the ambulance with Denny instead."

Magers has been around for a long time. He's 31, which is pretty old for a bull rider, and he has yet to win the world title. Last year, he led the National Finals until the final night, when he lost his seat on a twisting bull

before the end of eight seconds. Don Gay, who'd been in fifth place, scored a record 95 to win the go-round and the championship.

But Magers is hanging in there. He recalls that Freckles Brown, a former world bull-riding champ, didn't win the title until he was 40. "Hell," Magers says, "that gives me nine more years to play with. I'll get it."

Magers likes to ride a couple of mean bulls before lunch—not my idea of fun. And there's no way in hell to tell a bull that this is only a scrimmage. To the bull, one chance to kick the shit out of you is as good as another, and he doesn't need any practice to be dangerous. I asked Magers if it's possible to train a bull to buck well.

"Well, bulls're smart enough to learn, but too mean to train. You've gotta trick 'em. One stock contractor I heard about, for instance, put a chalk-line out in the arena 30 or 40 feet in front of the chutes. Then he strung a live wire over the line. Those bulls'd come charging out and hit that wire and get zapped, which taught 'em to turn the way you want 'em to."

There are approximately 500 members of the PRCA who ride bulls, and among them they know every bull that's ever been used in a rodeo. Even though they're in competition, the cowboys are always willing to help one another out by describing a particular animal's habits and the best way to ride him.

After a cowboy has entered a rodeo, paying a fee of \$50 to \$100, he may discover that he's drawn a bull on which he knows he can't win. In that case, he might decide not to ride. This decision is called a "turnout" and usually costs the cowboy another \$25 or \$50.

"But it's still better than riding when you know you don't have a chance of getting paid," Magers said. "It's just not economically feasible to fly somewhere to ride a bad bull. Bronc riding is a spurring contest; you've at least got some kind of chance on a bad bronc. But if you draw a bad bull, forget it!"

Magers says that he enters about 180 rodeos a year but, after drawing the bulls, may decide to skip 40 of them. Along with other bull and bronc riders, he sometimes charters an airplane to travel the circuit.

When a cowboy gets hung up like Flynn did in Salt Lake City, it's the job of the rodeo clowns to rush in and try to loosen the rigging before the rider gets the shit kicked out of him. The clowns wear greasepaint, fright wigs and baggy overalls, but their job is dead serious. To be selected clown at the NFR is a great honor because the bull riders (whose lives are on the line) do the choosing.

The three clowns selected for these

National Finals were Bob Romer, Johnny Tatum and Gary Parli. Tatum and Romer are bullfighters, who have the job of pulling a cowboy loose from his rigging or of getting the bull's attention to lure him from a fallen rider. Parli—the barrelman—hangs out in a red, rubber-padded 55-gallon oil drum; from this position of relative safety, he can distract a particularly ornery bull or dash out to help a buddy in trouble.

Toward the end of the National Finals I caught up with Parli, a stocky, good-natured schoolteacher from Caney, Kansas. We had breakfast with some hometown friends of his who'd come to see the show. Then we all fought our way to his Holiday Inn room against a stiff, wet wind.

"I sort of worked my way through college clowning," Parli told me. "I didn't know much when I started, but I got what you might call on-the-job training. I started out as a bullfighter, but I'm not as quick as some of the other clowns, so I moved into the barrel where I could sell some comedy and save my body." Parli made a mock-muscleman motion, as if to show off his body. His girlfriend, who was hanging around to see what kind of wild stories I was ready to believe, laughed.

I commented that even working inside the barrel didn't seem like the world's safest profession.

"There are some pretty scary things that can happen," Parli allowed. "The

bull can hook the barrel—pick it up and carry it around on his horns. Or he might get a foot in the barrel and kick the shit out of you as he tries to get loose. When that happens, you've got to hang on tight and try to make yourself as small as possible."

The barrelman's buddies don't give him much time to get bored. The bullfighters seem to enjoy rolling the barrel, with Parli inside, toward the bull, inviting the animal to dribble the barrel around the arena. The difference between being a rodeo barrelman and going over Niagara Falls in a barrel is that you don't get quite as wet at a rodeo. I asked Parli if he'd ever been badly injured.

"You mean by a bull? Well, one time I was bullfighting, and a bull caught me up against a fence. He did a pretty good job on my leg, and I was in the hospital for a week with a blood clot that they were afraid might get loose and lodge in a lung. That's the longest I've ever been hospitalized.

"The most spectacular injury I've ever had occurred when a rider got hung up, and I had to go in to get him loose. Damn bull hooked me under the eye with his horn and tore my face open. I was lyin' there dazed, and I guess I looked awful bad, because it sure threw a scare into the cowboys.

"One time, I caused another bad injury myself. In my act at that time I was using flash powder, which is a theatrical

prop that's supposed to look like a hell of an explosion. It's also supposed to be safe to work with. Well, I was just about on top of it when it went off, and it burned hell out of my ass. It didn't hurt too badly at the time, so I went on clowning, but it started to smart after the performance and I went to the local hospital.

"The doctor took a look at it and told me I had second- and third-degree burns all over my ass and the backs of my thighs. He cleaned it up and wanted to keep me in the hospital, but there weren't any color TVs there, so I told him to just give me a shot and I went back for the evening performance. It got around to hurting quite a bit later on, especially when I got home and discovered I'd locked myself out and I broke the blisters climbing in through a basement window." Parli grinned and his girlfriend shuddered. Before I could ask Parli what else he did for fun, one of his cohorts, Johnny Tatum, came into the room.

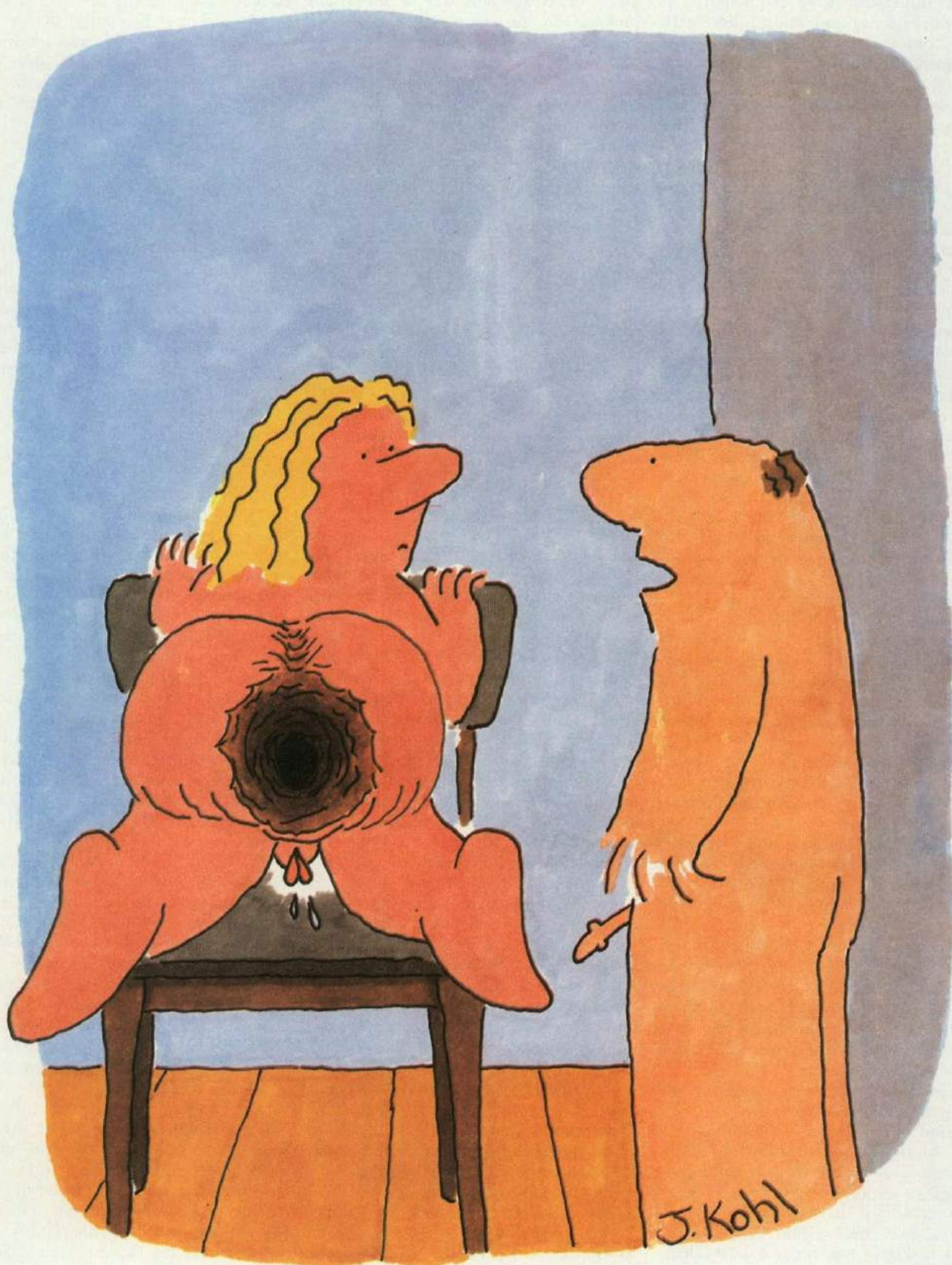
Tatum had taken a short, unscheduled flight a few nights earlier when a bull had caught up to him in the arena and tossed him. Tatum sailed 10 or 15 feet into the air, landed unharmed, and managed to continue to elude the bull. He's been chased by bulls in rodeos as far away as Tokyo, but had his worst injury when a bull stepped on his head. "I had more than two hundred stitches from the neck up. Did a pretty good job, didn't they?"

Parli and Tatum claim that their kind of bullfighting is more dangerous and demanding than that in Mexico. "Those Mexican bulls," Tatum asserted, "are amateurs. They've never been fought before and they don't know what's going on. By the time the matador goes out into the ring with a bull, the picadors have practically paralyzed it by stabbing it in the neck with their lances. What they do is cut the tendons that the bull uses to move his head, and that way the bull can't hook the matador as he goes by."

"A bull learns by experience," Parli added. "A bull that's been fought a few times starts hanging back like a good linebacker. He waits for the bullfighter to commit himself, and then he makes his move. About seven or eight years ago, there was a rodeo in Oklahoma City, and the sponsors figured they'd book an act that nobody'd ever seen before. So they imported a bunch of Mexican matadors to fight the rodeo bulls. It was going to be an exhibition of style—the matadors would make some passes with capes to thrill the crowd, but there were no picadors and the matadors wouldn't use their swords.

"Well those brave, macho matadors





"Are you sure you've never done it this way before?"

got out in the arena with some good, cagey bulls and they panicked. The matadors ran and hid behind those little walls, and the clowns had to come out and work the bulls."

It was a wet Saturday, and the shit coming out of the sky alternated between freezing rain and icy fog when I drove to Stockyard City. I'd heard a couple of cowboys' wives talking about it as a great place to shop. I was afraid that it might be just a chamber-of-commerce put-on, but I was delighted to get there and find that it had the look and feel of an old-west town on a rainy day during haying season. People were buying and drinking as if they might never get another chance.

After an hour or so of watching hat-shaping and boot-fitting by experts and of being generally jostled around Stockyard City, I retired to one of the local beer halls to recover my composure. It was a dark, dingy place with an old wood stove stoked up to glow. There were a couple of "old boys" sitting at the bar listening to their hair grow and watching two of the meanest-looking creatures I've seen this side of a Japanese horror movie shoot pool.

I said howdy to the old boys, took a stool near them and bought a round of beers. The bartender looked like he'd been wearing the same pair of Levi's for about five years, and he carefully wiped his hands on his cruddy pants before serving up the beer.

"Yoon town with rodeo?" he asked.

"Yup. Today's the last day."

"You a cowboy?" one of the old boys wanted to know.

"Sort of. But I'm not in the rodeo. I'm looking for the last of the cowboys for HUSTLER Magazine."

"Yeah? You wanna talk to a whore?"

"Shit, why not?"

He slipped off his stool and rambled over to an old woman at a table by the stove. She looked like a cross between an overweight cowgirl and Tugboat Annie. The old boy spoke to her for a minute, then waved me over. The other old boy came, too.

"This here's Marybeth," the first old boy said. "She's a whore."

"Glad to meet you," I offered.

"I know all about cowboys," she allowed. "They sure do like to fuck. I kin tell ya all about that. Shit, I fucked more cowboys than a whole herd of heifers, and that's goin' some. Ain't many cowboys kin resist a purty little heifer after they been out on the range a while."

"Really?"

"Course, there ain't many cowboys spend much time on the range any more, but I remember how things used to be. I

don't do much business now, just a free piece or two when one a these old fuckers kin git it up." The old boys chuckled. It was hard enough to imagine one of them getting it up—especially for Marybeth—but miracles occur in the strangest places.

"Back in the old days, though," she went on, "back then I had more action than I could handle. By God, I right enough turned 'em on back then."

"Did you work right here in Stockyard City?"

In the old days, cowboys were horny enough to scare a woman's cunt closed tight.

"Sometimes. The boys who brought the herds in during the old days were horny enough to scare a respectable woman's cunt closed tight. Sometimes I worked over at Hugo, which is a mean-ass little town in Oklahoma 'bout half-way between Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Dallas. Had nine murders in seven days over there once, though it don't really count 'cause there was rodeo in town at the time. Shit, that town was so mean the sheriff'd set up roadblocks on the way into town and frisk everybody comin' in. They'd pat a fella down, and if he didn't have a gun or knife, they'd loan him one. Heuh, heuh, heuh."

The old boys laughed and slapped their knees. I grinned and sipped my beer. "Sounds like a mighty tough town," I said. "You work in a house over there?"

"Yep. And a mighty fine place it was, too. Only real whiskey bar in the county. Those boys'd come in dry and have a few, and 'fore long we'd start lookin' mighty good to 'em. Shit, they'd fuck like goats. There was somethin' in that dollar-a-pint Arkansas shine that just kept 'em goin' forever. And them fuckers was some kinda lovers. They could screw ya three ways from Sunday an' never take off their long johns."

The old boys smiled smugly, basking in her nostalgic praise and the warmth from the wood stove.

"One thing a gal had to be real careful of, though. Ya had to check them boys real careful 'fore lettin' 'em eat your pussy. If ya didn't, they might just get excited and unload a whole big wad a snoose up yer cunt. Then a gal'd have to go to the toilet and pick tobacco outta

her twat for about an hour 'fore it was fit to fuck again."

The old boys howled at that one. "It ain't as bad as gettin a blow job from an old whore who chews," one asserted.

I'd had enough. I bought them another round and wandered out of the bar. As I left, Marybeth shouted after me, "You come on back and bring your camera. I kin show you some cunt shots like nobody's ever seen. Heuh, heuh, heuh."

The rodeo cowboy's life-style doesn't look like much when you compare it to that of a professional football or basketball player, but it's a glamorous wet dream to the ordinary working cowboy. A rodeo cowboy is his own boss, he gets to travel around and see the country, to meet people, to go to a hundred drunken brawls a year.

There are big winners like Tom Ferguson, the "bionic cowboy," who earned over \$100,000 in prize money last year to become the all-round world champion. But he's the exception, not the rule. Most are like Randy Magers, a damned good bull rider who can't quite win the big one, but who loves the sport and gives the crowds a thrill every time he rides. Or like the clowns, Parli and Tatum, who travel from rodeo to rodeo for weeks at a time, entertaining the customers with their bucking cars and trained monkey acts until the time comes when they've got to risk their necks to save a rider's ass.

The feeling around a rodeo is a feeling of a medium-small western town that happens to move around a lot. Maybe it's the same feeling that accompanied the wagon trains and cattle drives a hundred years ago, I can't say.

It's a hard life, hard enough to prompt one cowboy's wife to tell him, "I wish you were addicted to anything but rodeo," just before she walked out. But it has its rewards. They are rewards that might only appeal to a cowboy, or to someone who'd watched too many old movies or read too many Zane Grey novels, but still they are rewards.

Sunday morning, after drinking and partying away most of Saturday night, I made my way out to Will Rogers World Airport and put myself back into Frontier's hands in much the same shape I'd been in when they dropped me off four days before. On the flight to Denver, I sat immediately in front of former world champion bareback bronc rider Joe Alexander and his wife Cindy. As I worked over my lunch plate and bloody marys, I heard her nagging him that eating too fast always upset his stomach. It's not the sort of thing you'd hear anyone tell Franco Harris the day after a Super Bowl game, I thought, but it's nice to hear. 🍷



BETHANY
Laid Back

Photographed by Suze Randall







Bethany is a mellow southern California coed who prefers to take life as it comes—nice and easy and full of surprises. "People are always hustling, shoving, prodding and getting nowhere fast," she says. "All their effort is wasted, since they simply don't take time to feel the true pulse of life." So don't expect to find this 23-year-old broiling herself on a crowded beach. Bethany would much rather while away the time in the warm glow of her elegant but modest breezeway, waiting for an unexpected visitor—who may be the man of her dreams.

"As a rule, I like well-hung men, although it's more important that a man appreciate my love for lazy Sunday afternoons and unhurried scenes. Impatient men are such unfulfilling lovers," Bethany tells us.

"Perhaps that's why I fantasize about teaching a male virgin to be a strong but considerate lover who'll understand a woman's deep desires." Homework could be very interesting in Bethany's school.



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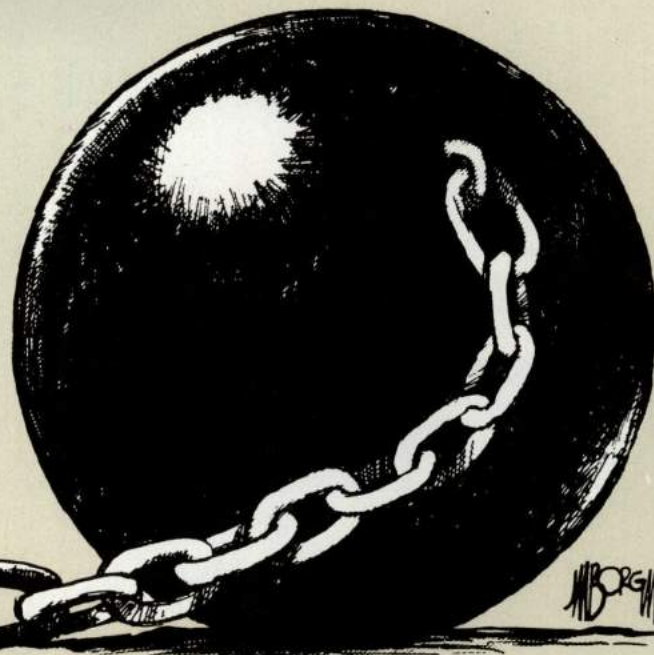


FAIR COM



We at *HUSTLER* were greatly encouraged by editorial comments we received from around the country following the conviction of Larry Flynt and *HUSTLER* in Cincinnati. Many of those comments (almost unanimously pro-*HUSTLER*) were expressed as editorial cartoons.

Frankly, we didn't realize that so much talent existed in the straight press. We received so many cartoons inspired by the trial that we felt thanks were in order, and decided to run this feature as a special tribute to the outstanding cartoonists who used their skill to make a fair comment.



Jim Borgman of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* made this editorial comment on happenings in his hometown on the day of *HUSTLER*'s conviction.



Dick Wright, of the *Providence (Rhode Island) Journal-Bulletin*, is a nationally known cartoonist. Wright is syndicated by McNaught Features.



Political cartoonist Tom Flannery has been on the staff of the *Baltimore Sun* since 1957.

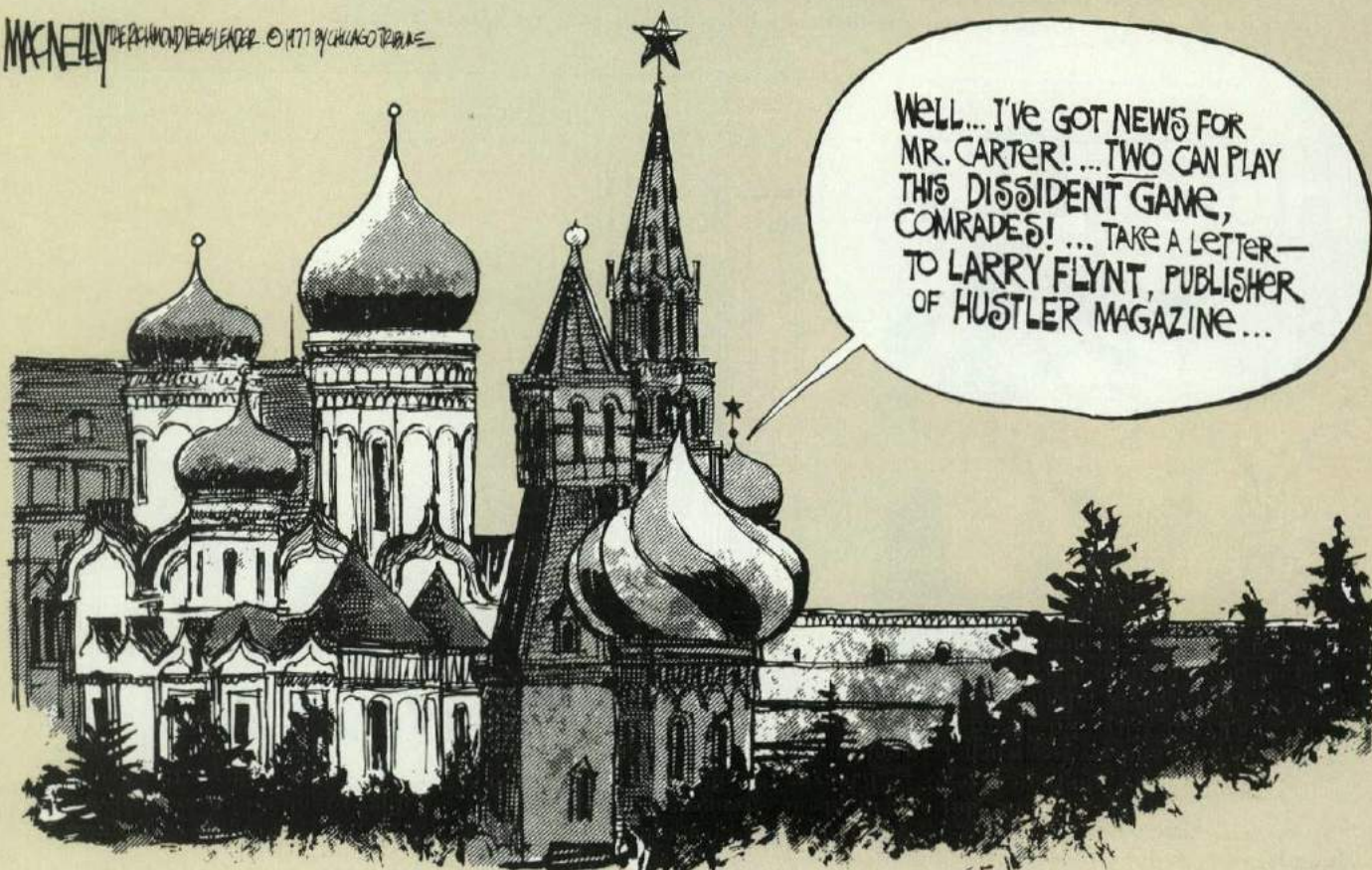
MENT

SCRAWLS
SAM C. RAWLS



Sam C. Rawls of the *Palm Beach* (Florida) *Post* signs his work "Scrawls," a byline which appears frequently in major dailies throughout the country.

MACNELLY THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER © 1977 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE



Two-time Pulitzer Prize-winner Jeff MacNelly of the *Richmond News Leader* regularly finds his work on the editorial pages of major dailies. MacNelly is syndicated by the *Chicago Tribune*.



"WOULD YOU ASK THE GENTLEMAN FROM CINCINNATI TO TAKE HIS HANG-UPS OUT OF HERE?"

Pulitzer Prize-winner Patrick Oliphant's cartoons are a regular feature in the *Washington Star*.
Oliphant's work is distributed by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate.

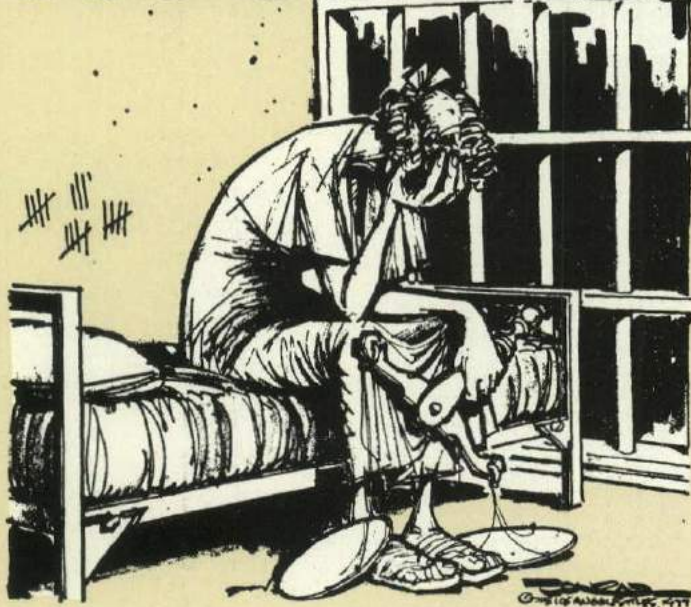


Louisville *Courier-Journal* cartoonist Hugh Haynie, nationally syndicated by the *Los Angeles Times*, was among the first to comment upon the Cincinnati conviction. "The story intrigued me, so I got in on it early," says Haynie.



Bill Schorr's work has been appearing in the *Kansas City Star* and other major papers for the past four years. Schorr's work is distributed by the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate.

HUSTLED



Twice a winner of the Pulitzer Prize for his incisive, satirical cartoons, Paul Conrad is syndicated by the *Los Angeles Times*.

"I SEE THE DIFFERENCE, ALL RIGHT"



Editorial cartoons by Pulitzer Prize-winner Herb Block (better known by his pen name, Herblock) regularly appear in the *Washington Post*, and his cartoons are routinely picked up by other major papers.



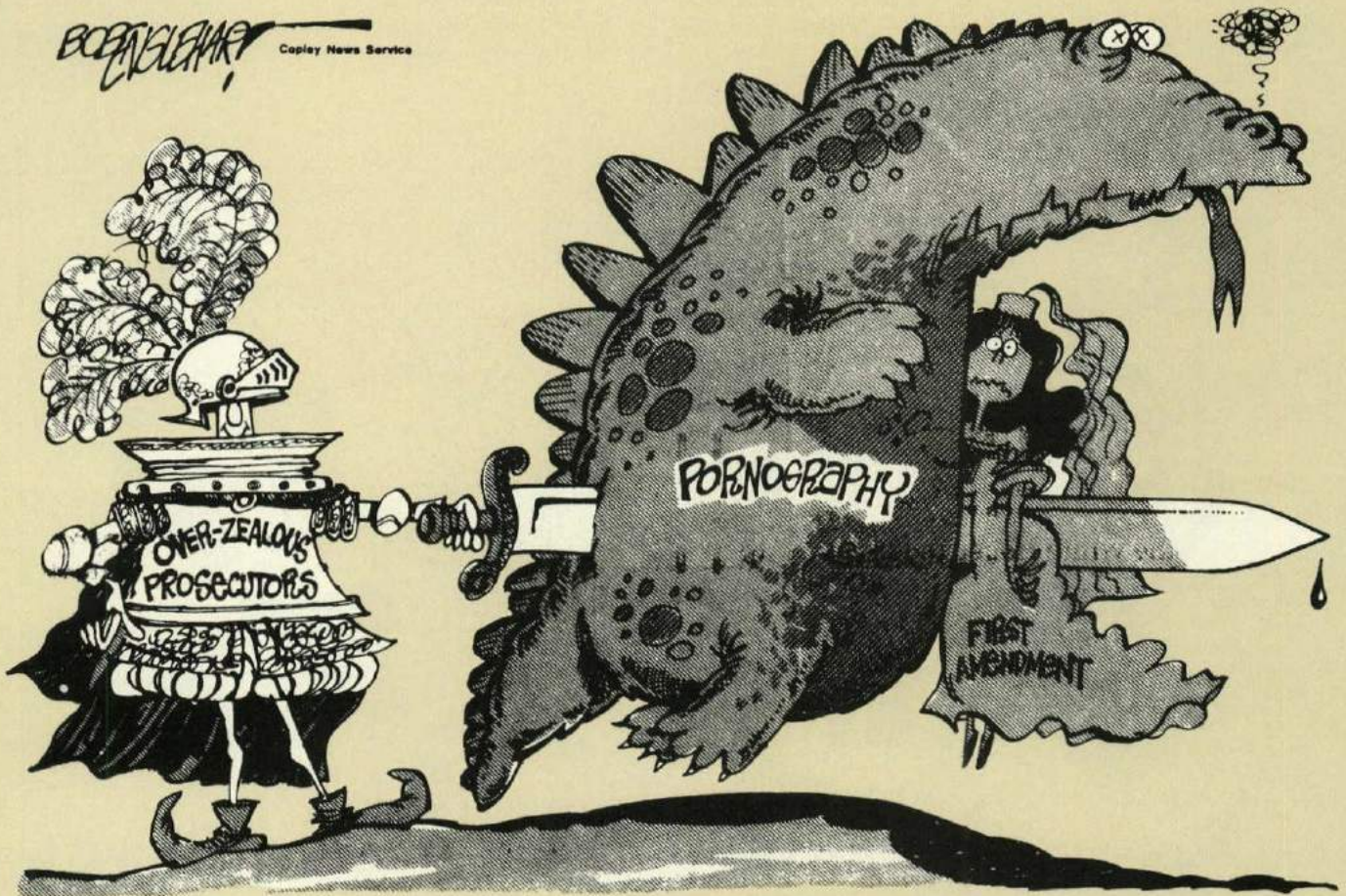
Fans of Bill Schorr (page 54, lower right) were also treated to this HUSTLER trial follow-up.



Jerry Barnett of the *Indianapolis News* calls himself "a conservative working for a conservative newspaper."



Corky Trinidad's work, distributed by the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, often appears in mainland papers.



In a widely reprinted cartoon, Bob Englehart of the Copley News Service noted implications the *HUSTLER* conviction held for the First Amendment.

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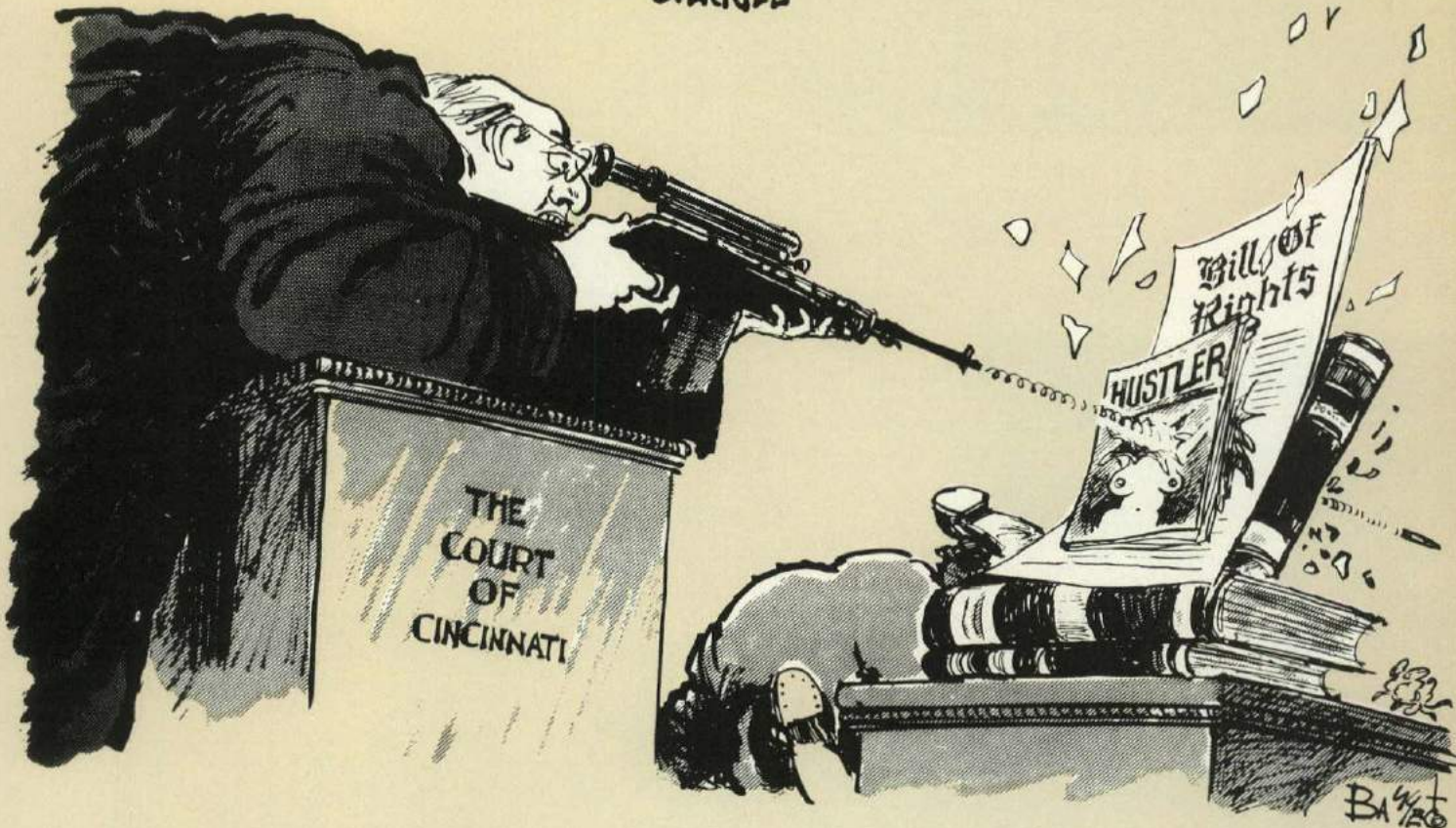
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OVERKILL



Gene Basset, an artist whose cartoons are distributed by the United Feature Syndicate, is something of a sharpshooter himself when it comes to satire.



Dave Simpson's cartoons are familiar to the readers of the *Tulsa Tribune*, syndicated by United Feature.



PATENTLY OFFENSIVE

Peter Wagner, whose work has appeared in *Time* magazine, the *Washington Post* and the *Minneapolis Star*, becomes a *HUSTLER* regular with the cartoon in this month's *Bits & Pieces*.



TINA

Photographed by James Baes



*Looking For A
Few Good Men*



Tina's teasing days are over, at least for the time being. Not too long ago this 20-year-old daughter of a marine colonel used to get her kicks keeping the enlisted men of Quantico, Virginia, in a sweat by strolling around the post in her short cutoffs and see-through top.

"I can do the little innocent number to perfection, and I used to make it my business to find out if the Corps really does build men. I enjoyed watching the guys' cocks spring to attention as I'd pass by!" She giggles, and continues in her soft, Southern accent, "I still love to tease, although I've settled down quite a bit since I met the guy I'm with now. He was the *one* marine who wasn't afraid to touch me. Most of the others thought I was a one-way ticket to the Portsmouth naval prison."

Tina loves men who have enough self-confidence to make a pass at her, and she and her aggressive boyfriend enjoy a private form of bayonet practice whenever they can. When we spoke to the lucky veteran, he told us that Tina's thrust and parry are terrific, but that her butt-stroke needs a little work.











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HUSTLER HUMOR



**...and if you think
that's funny...**

A mortician was embalming a corpse, when he noticed the dead male had a bulging hard-on. He had never run into this problem before and wasn't quite sure what to do. After several attempts to hide the bulge, all of which failed, he had no other alternative but to call the widow, explain the problem and ask if she had any suggestions.

The wife quickly replied, "Just cut it off!"

"Cut it off?" the mortician exclaimed. "I couldn't do that, I wouldn't know what to do with it."

"Cut it off and stick it up his ass," she replied.

At her insistence, the mortician did as she requested.

The next night, at the wake, the widow was viewing the corpse when she noticed a tear trickling down her husband's cheek. She leaned over the casket and whispered, "It hurts, doesn't it?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *Low Blow* as: a midget performing fellatio on a dwarf.

A mountain climber fell off a cliff. As he tumbled down into a huge canyon, he grabbed the branch of a small tree.

"Help!" he shouted. "Is there anyone up there?"

A deep, majestic voice from the sky echoed through the canyon. "I will help you, my son. But first you must have faith, and trust me."

"All right, I trust you," answered the man.

The voice replied, "Let go of the branch."

There was a long pause. Then the man shouted again, "Is there anyone else up there?"

In Poland they've just published the country's first sex manual.

The instructions read:

1. In
2. Out
3. Repeat if necessary

During the Arab-Israeli war, the opposing armies were in the middle of an all-out artillery confrontation. While looking at the battlefield through his binoculars, the Israeli officer-in-charge spotted a guy leading a donkey with a pregnant woman on top of it. The officer called a cease-fire so he could question the man. The guy explained that his name was Joseph and that he and his wife Mary were going to Bethlehem so she could have her baby.

The officer looked at him in amazement and said: "Wait a minute—you're Joseph, she's Mary and she's gonna have a baby in Bethlehem, right? I suppose you're gonna name the baby Jesus!"

"Jesus?" replied Joseph. "Who do you think we are, Puerto Ricans?!!"

What do you get when you cross a donkey with an onion?

You get a piece of ass that brings tears to your eyes.

The constant scratching and itching in Harry's asshole was driving him crazy, so he decided to visit a nearby clinic. There, he was told to strip and lie on his stomach.

"How long has this itching and tingling been going on?" the doctor asked.

"About three days," said Harry, "and it's so bad I can't stand it any longer."

The doctor spread Harry's cheeks, shined a tiny flashlight up the asshole and exclaimed, "Well I'll be goddamned! I've never seen anything like this in all my years as a physician."

"What the hell is it, Doc?" asked Harry.

"A piece of string," replied the doctor as he pulled several feet of long, white cord from Harry's ass.

"Hold still, Harry," he shouted, as he gave a final tug.

With that, a huge bouquet of flowers popped from Harry's ass.

"Holy Christ!" the doctor screamed.

"What is it?" yelled Harry.

"A bouquet of flowers!" exclaimed the physician in total shock.

"What the fuck!" cried Harry. "Where did it come from?"

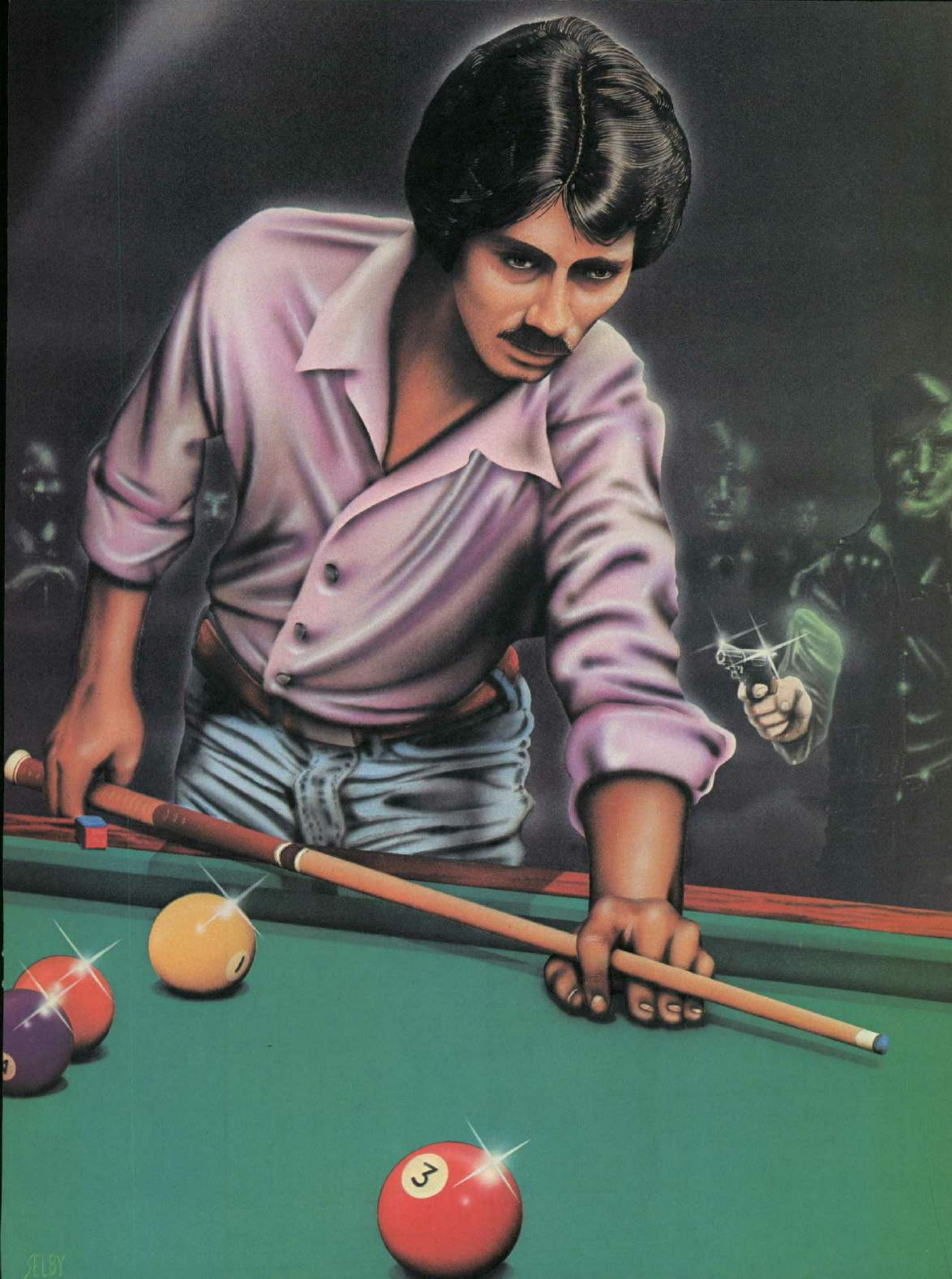
"How should I know?" said the doctor. "There's no card!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Dishonorable Discharge* as: a monk with gonorrhea.

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CHESTER THE MOLESTER





LARRY LISCIOTTI: POOL HUSTLER

PROFILE BY JAY LEVIN



It was 4 a.m. A skinny kid named Larry Liscioti was bent over a pool table in Charlotte, North Carolina, ready to sink the nine ball and win the game.

One of the few men still in the bar eased a gun from inside his jacket, aimed it at the kid's head and pulled the trigger. The bullet whizzed past the left side of the kid's face—so close that he could feel the rush of air—and slammed into the wall.

Liscioti straightened up. He studied the man's eyes, glazed from too much booze.

"OK, I quit," Liscioti said.

The man shook his head. "Can't do that. Not while you're ahead."

"How much I got you for?"

"A hundred bucks."

"Here's the hundred."

"Nope, you can't quit. Take your shot." The man cradled the gun.

Liscioti deliberately missed the pocket, but his opponent, backed by the man with the gun, blew his shot.

Again Liscioti took aim at the nine ball. Another bullet ripped past his head; he misplayed the shot. The routine was repeated again.

The fourth time it was different. When he came to the table, Liscioti said to himself, *Fuck! This guy ain't gonna shoot me.* He lined up the nine ball and put it away.

Another bullet lodged in the wall just behind him.

"Play again!" the man bellowed.

Four bullets later, the gun was empty. The kid picked up his winnings and went to his motel.

* * *

Eleven years later, Larry Liscioti, no longer a kid, bent over a table in Asbury Park,

New Jersey, and drove the two ball into a pocket. The hustlers, money men, professional players and spectators in the gallery scurried around placing their bets. It was nearly 4 a.m. on the seventh and final day of the World Open Pocket Billiard Championship; play had been under way for eight hours and Liscioti looked hot. Reporters pressed closer. Liscioti stroked another ball home.

A weary Steve Mizerak could only watch. Mizerak, a junior-high-school history teacher, was widely regarded as the finest straight pool player around: a pro—solid, dependable—like betting on IBM. Now he was seeing his fifth world championship and \$10,000 in prize money slip away to a relatively unknown player who'd spent half his life hustling in poolrooms and bars. For 14 years, Liscioti had crisscrossed the country, playing in a thousand rooms against thousands of opponents in every state but Alaska. He'd won and lost more than a million dollars.

By the age of 29, Liscioti had already gone bust more times than he could remember. He'd won more than a dozen automobiles, most of which he'd totaled in accidents. Liscioti had witnessed fistfights, gunfights and at least one murder. And in Charlotte, a red-neck had nearly shot him in the head, trying to scare him off his game.

In nine ball—the hustler's game—Liscioti was demonic. He'd already won the World Nine Ball Championship. Now he was taking aim at the big



title as coolly as if he were putting away some local hotshot in the backwoods of Alabama. Despite the hour, he looked fresh.

Several months later, Lisciotti's partner, Bob Roy, is sitting on an old couch in the office of Sportland Billiards. After the Asbury Park tournament, he and Lisciotti had opened this spacious pool hall in their hometown, Manchester, Connecticut (a small working-class community near Hartford). Roy knows Lisciotti better than anyone. They met 15 years ago, when Lisciotti was a wild kid trying to sneak into the poolroom owned by Roy's father. Over the years, Roy played big brother, game scout and gambling partner to Lisciotti. Solid and easygoing, Roy is adept at luring bets, playing on the egos and greed of local hotshots. He also emanates an air of calm and control that defuses potential violence.

Roy is the kind of guy who enjoys everything at least twice—once when he experiences it and the second time when he tells about it. Stories about pool hustling and Lisciotti bubble out of him as if he were a one-man school reunion.

Roy points out a basic skill in pool: the *dead stroke*. You acquire it by practicing until the hand gripping the butt of the cue can repeatedly thrust the stick forward in an unwavering line. Lisciotti's stroke is so soft and true he can beat most people with one hand.

Then there's concentration. Among the top players, absorption in their game begins with an absorption in themselves. To watch Lisciotti is to see a man with the ability to block out everything but what he chooses to have on his mind. "When he gets his head set, you don't beat him much," Roy says. Lisciotti once ran 289 points in an exhibition. He's spotted good players eight balls in a game of nine ball and won. When really "set," he's done it one-handed.

Beyond skill and concentration, winning takes the ability to size up people and situations in an instant. When you're hustling, you have to make quick decisions on how many points to spot an opponent and on how he'll play under pressure (or whether he really plans to shoot you in the head).

"Larry's so fucking smart," Roy says, "he gets to talking with a player and in just three or four minutes knows whether he's gonna beat him or not." Lisciotti can even determine an opponent's profession by his style of play.

Finally, there's what gamblers call *heart*. Shrouded in mystique, heart is simply an indifference to the pain of losing. If you lose frequently enough; if you go bust often enough in strange towns—nothing to eat, sleeping in your car—you end up either with shattered nerves or a lot of heart. For top players, Roy says, losing is an essential part of training. Lisciotti has been through all of it.

Roy stops talking long enough to note that his partner is late. He shrugs. "Larry's the kind of guy you don't rush too much. He doesn't worry much about anything. He just does his life, you know."

Lisciotti arrives wearing tight pants, tapered shirt and a razor cut—the style of hip working guys. He instantly conveys the impression that he is relaxed, self-assured—accessible but self-contained. There's a controlled energy in his movements—a hint of a street kid who would be tougher and stronger in a fight than his slim build and easy manner suggest.

Smiling, Lisciotti shakes hands, assessing his visitor with a quick glance. He apologizes for being late this morning and unavailable last night. "I took my girl to the track in Boston," he explains. He settles into a chair and turns to Roy. "You'll love this: After the races we went to a bar. Comes closing time, this funny black queen, who's smashed, refuses to leave, so they called the cops. He grabbed a bottle and climbed on the bar and said, 'Come on, motherfuckers, come 'n get me.'"

Lisciotti laughs. "The cops were cool. They said, 'Hey, what do you want to fight for? Come on with us to jail and you can get all the free ass you want. Think of it!' He came right down off the bar and went out with the cops like a kitten."

Everyone laughs. It's the start of a long bout of story-swapping.

Lisciotti's stories come in two types: Ones about the characters he has met he tells with enthusiasm. He laughs when talking about such people as "crazy Jay in Miami," the rich kid who lost tens of thousands in blackjack in one night without a murmur, but who argued maniacally about a \$2.40 long-distance charge on his phone bill; or the cop who cleared his gambling debt to Lisciotti with icy payoff money he kept in the freezer; or another loser who tried to pay him with 30 pounds of grass. Anecdotes about himself he relates almost offhandedly. Even the incident in Charlotte he recounts with an absence of dramatic embellishment. Drama is for writers. For Lisciotti, when you're out there hustling, it's an adventure—it's a high. You meet some interesting people and get to party a lot.

Primarily, it beats working.

Larry Lisciotti's father was an air force major. Many of the ways kids are measured—high marks in school, behavior—qualified Larry for the brig. But when Lisciotti was eight years old, his mother remarried and moved to Connecticut. Her new husband, Francis McCaughrey, a supervisor at an aircraft



engine plant near Manchester, was gentler and more tolerant than Larry's real father. McCaughrey offered little to rebel against and eventually became his stepson's friend. Larry's mother, Hazel, was busy with her job and with three other kids. Lisciotti's air force brattiness softened into the independence of a street kid.

A basketball freak, Lisciotti began hanging out at a local recreation center. A pool table was there. He tried it. By the time he was 14, pool was taking up all his spare time.

In that year, 1961, *The Hustler* appeared on local movie screens. It portrayed a way of life common to maybe a hundred pool players in the country. Paul Newman was Fast Eddie—hungry, cocky and self-absorbed. He got lost in the hard world of big bucks and tough manipulators, ending up in the gutter, his thumbs broken and his ego shattered. But when he came back, it was with the knowledge that once you've been through the worst and survived, not much can scare you anymore. He was still hungry and self-absorbed, but now he was so confident that when he walked into that poolroom and said to Minnesota Fats, "Let's play pool, Fat Man," you knew he'd win.

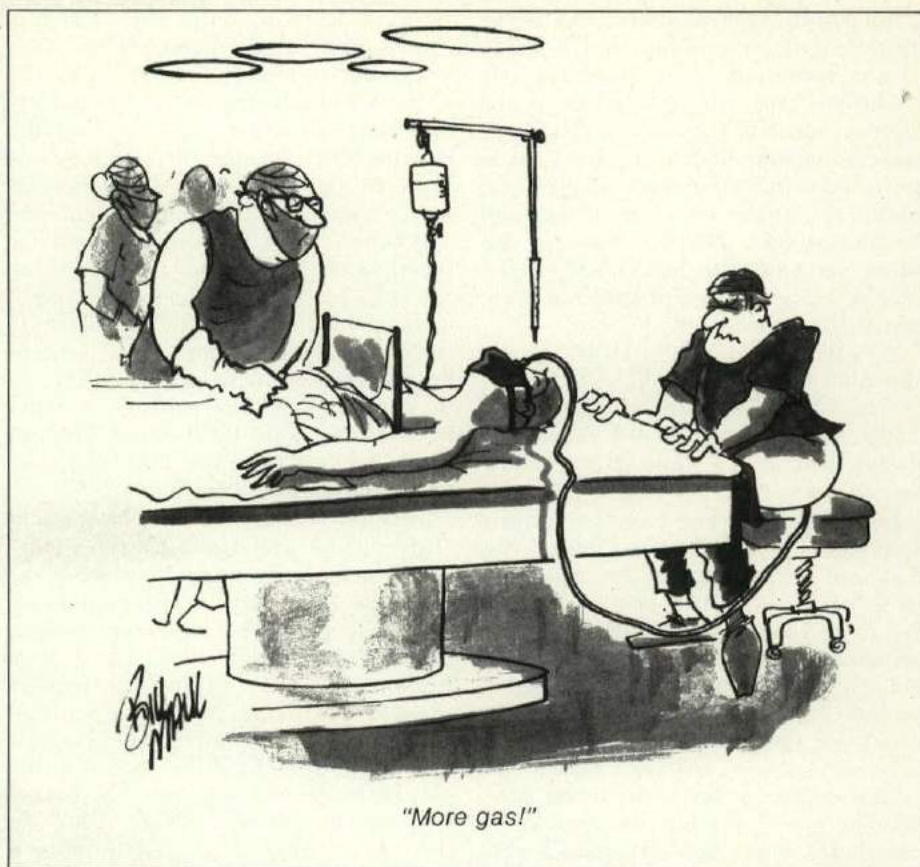
A lot of kids in small towns (where pool was the major recreation) began to take the game more seriously. They liked the life-style. They identified with Newman's bravado: Billy the Kid with a cue stick. And now they knew big money could be made shooting pool.

Lisciotti moved his game to the local pool halls and began betting. From the first, he played with ferocious concentration. Within a year, he was beating everyone around.

Lisciotti started going to Hartford, seeking richer games. When he could, he bet as much as ten dollars a pop. He ran through the better players quickly. By the time he was 16, he was known around town and found it harder to get a game. But by then he was already taking weekend trips to New York City.

On his first visit, Lisciotti headed straight for the Seven-Eleven (the now defunct poolroom on Broadway), where Paul Newman had practiced for his role as Fast Eddie. He walked in on the balls of his feet—feeling cocky and intense—and actually managed to beat a few people. That didn't last long, though.

The Big Apple was a world Lisciotti couldn't have imagined. People would fall asleep in poolrooms and get their pockets cut out with a razor. Despite his initial success, the level of play was way above his head. Lisciotti went bust on every trip to the city. He'd sleep in a 42nd Street theater and then hitch home. Then, when he had his confi-



dence back, he'd return.

The forays into New York grew longer. Then one summer, Lisciotti (now 16) drove to New York in an old Mercury and parked it in a lot, figuring to stay for a few days. He stayed for 40 days of "hell." He lost his stash early. An older player gave him a bed and some food and took him around to watch some of the sharper hustlers. By borrowing a few bucks, Lisciotti was able to win some money, then lose it again. Finally, when he had won enough to assuage his ego, he decided to go home. At the parking lot, the tab on the Merc came to \$300.

"Keep the car!" Lisciotti told the attendant. They settled the bill for \$50.

Once home, Lisciotti entered tournament play and worked his way up to the state championship. He was still cocky, but was already playing with the single-mindedness that characterized his later world championship game. Outside his poolroom life he was drinking too much, arguing with his family and screwing up in school. Pool was fun and an escape. He put himself on the line, and everything else faded into the background.

The same year, Lisciotti learned the basics of hustling. He would walk into a poolroom and change a \$20 bill. Then he'd go to the bathroom, giving other players a chance to talk about him. When he returned, he'd see dollar signs flashing in their eyes. It helped that he looked like a 12-year-old kid.

Once he got to the table, Lisciotti used classic hustling tactics: lose a couple of close ones, win one, let the other guy suggest raising the stakes, let your opponent hustle you, "let the natural greed in a human being come out."

Occasionally, Bob Roy went along as Larry's partner. Lisciotti, making himself appear mediocre, would lose a game or two to Roy, then wait for someone to try to score off him. In places where Lisciotti was known, Roy would advise him on how many points—or *weight*—to give or take against various players.

The biggest action that year was against Joey Canton, an old pro in his 50s. Canton drifted into Roy's poolroom one day and Roy fixed him up with Lisciotti. Larry cleaned him. The next weekend, Canton asked for a rematch in nearby Torrington. They played in a dingy, smoky, airless room on aged cloth-pocket tables. Here, Canton hit his stride. He won his money back—and more. Lisciotti got down to his last \$90 but was ahead in the game, 109 to 9. Then Canton began reeling off the points. As he did so, Roy noticed that, behind his eyeglasses, Canton's eyes were watering from the smoke. Roy and a couple of Larry's friends immediately began chain-smoking at a furious pace. It didn't help. Peering through the haze, eyes running, Canton whipped off runs of 50-plus and 60-plus, beating Lisciotti 125 to 124. Still, the play was a step up for Lisciotti.

Six months later, Lisciotti got an even stronger indication of how fine a player he was becoming. Larry Hubbard, one of the sharpest young hustlers in the country, drifted into town. Hubbard was calling himself Harvey Davis so as not to scare off big-money players who might recognize his real name and demand weight. Neither Roy nor his father remembered him immediately. On the other hand, Hubbard's posture told Roy's father a lot.

"You know why that guy's hunchbacked?" he asked.

"No, why?" Roy replied.

"Because he plays all the time. He's always bent over a table. He probably never loses."

Lisciotti played him anyway. In their first straight pool game, Lisciotti hit Hubbard with a run of 88. Hubbard came back with the same number to win. At Lisciotti's challenge, they switched to nine ball. Lisciotti began to win. He spotted Hubbard the five and six balls and still won. At 3 a.m. they were even and quit.

On the second day of his senior year, when he was 17, Lisciotti dropped out of school. He was bored. His marks were always lousy. He paid girls to do his homework. *Why stay?* he thought. There was nothing to be gained except a job at the aircraft engine plant, the kind of nothing job that all but a handful of his friends would end up in. Why hang in

for a dead life, if you've got a vision of something that is more exciting and profitable?

For a while he got up at 7 a.m. every day, told his family he was going job hunting, then headed for a coffee shop until the pool hall opened. His parents finally asked the pool halls to bar him. They didn't, but Lisciotti was ready to travel anyway. He headed south. Along the way, he stopped in dozens of small towns to hustle action. In some places in the South he met people who'd never heard of Connecticut, but who boasted they sure as shit knew pool. They didn't know it that well. By the time Lisciotti reached Florida, he was holding a couple of thousand dollars.

When he returned home, he thought of pool as his profession. Even his family's attitude began to soften when he won the New England championship later that year. The following year, at 18, he finished 11th in the U.S. Open Pocket Billiards Championship—a superb performance for a rookie. Lisciotti's own estimate was that he could already beat all but a half-dozen players in the country.

When he wasn't playing pool, all there was to do was party. On the road that meant drinking and getting laid. In Manchester, it meant mostly drinking, and bombing around in cars with his friends. "He hadn't smartened up yet and was still hanging out with assholes," Bob Roy remembers. Larry got pulled in

a couple of times for disturbing the peace. That same year, he was in the most serious of his dozen car accidents.

He woke up two days later in the intensive care unit. Tubes were connected to every orifice in his body. He glanced at the next bed and saw an attendant pull a sheet over an old woman. The attendant wrote "deceased" on a card over her head and walked away.

Larry's liver was ruptured. He had come very close to death. It was nearly a year before he was released from the hospital. For a few years after that, he wore gauze bandages on his back to sop up leakage until he was fully healed. When his friends later were avoiding Vietnam by going to Canada or playing psycho or junkie during their draft exams, Lisciotti's injury kept him out of the army. It didn't keep him away from the pool table.

"We had this older guy from East Hartford who was looking for action," Roy recalls. "Larry heard about it. He started sneaking out of the hospital. He played the guy, taped up and all that. He won \$1500 in a week."

Out of the hospital, Lisciotti hit the road again. One day in Alabama, he stopped in a little town, Abbeville, for a beer. The bar had a pool table. "Anyone in here want to play?" Lisciotti asked.

"Yeah, why not?" one man said. Larry beat him.

Workers from a nearby construction site wandered in. Most of them were bored out-of-towners. Lisciotti was at least a challenge to them. One by one, the men broke out old, uncashed paychecks and lined up to play him. Lisciotti left town with \$12,000 in his pocket.

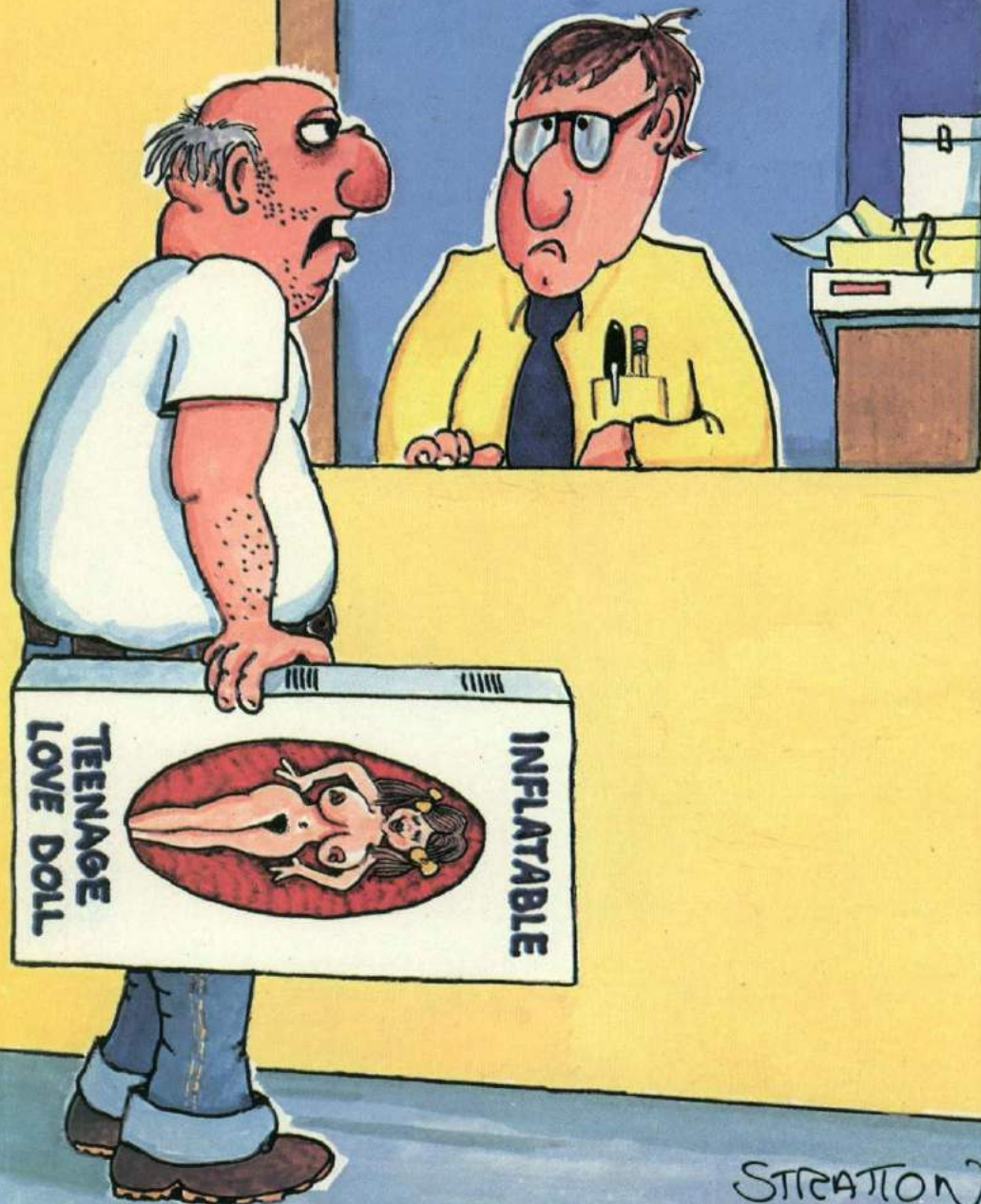
He didn't stay flush. What money he didn't spend, he lost or gambled away on off-nights at the table. For the next few years, as he traveled the country, the pattern repeated itself. Periodically he would go broke. Then he'd win enough to get home, hang around for a few months, hustle at local bars, get drunk and get in a car crash or two. At one point his mother pleaded with Roy, "Get him out of town before he gets in trouble." Roy could only spare a few days, but he packed a drunk Lisciotti into his car early one morning and drove to Maine while Lisciotti slept in the back seat. When they reached Lewiston, Roy fed Larry a cup of coffee and steered him to the local poolroom. Lisciotti promptly put on a display of hustling skill which, if nothing else, indicated that all his partying certainly wasn't detracting from his game.

Lisciotti cleaned the first guy he took on, losing a couple of games along the

(continued on page 119)



COMPLAINTS



STREATION

"She's got zits."

JUANITA

SPIC
·N·
SPAN

Whenever we get a photo set of a girl from Columbus, the guys on the staff go crazy. We just can't believe that this drab city would interest an attractive, sexy chick—especially one who always looks as if she's freshly bathed in sunlight.

But you see, although Juanita has lived in this country most of her life, the 21-year-old model was born in Mexico, which adds some spice to her appearance and personality. She speaks without a trace of the Mexican tongue, but she does place a special accent on her lips when she says, "I love to go down on a man."

It wouldn't be proper for us to float some excuse to meet Juanita. And experience tells us that none of our come-ons would hold water anyway. Besides, Juanita gets a rise out of leading men on, although she says a genuinely assertive man never has to face that side of her.

The only chance we've got is to offer Juanita the opportunity to fulfill her fantasy of making it in a whirlpool. It would certainly relieve our aching muscles and stiff joints.



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CHILD

How it Happens

Article by Michael Monroe

The sexual exploitation of young girls and boys by adults has only recently begun to receive public attention, focused mainly on one portion of that problem, kiddy porn. Naturally, the more liberated climate of the 1970s has allowed for an open discussion of a topic previously shunted aside. But, like



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NO VACANCY



PROSTITUTION

the bearer of bad news, publications that played a large role in that liberation are being accused as the source of the problem, in much the same way television was blamed for the public demonstrations of the 1960s rather than being accepted as the medium which reported them. Today, for example, antipornography groups are using child prostitution to indict all sexually candid material, and in doing so have blown the problem out of proportion. As a result, efforts to deal with child prostitution are often misdirected. The media have seized the sensational aspect of the situation, congressional hear-

ings have begun and legislation has been proposed which is designed to discourage procurers of child sex. But these measures attack the symptoms, not the causes. HUSTLER sees the importance of wiping out taboos in America so that each of us can deal directly with any problem that confronts us. But we also believe that, especially in the case of something as serious as child prostitution, we should look at the problem reasonably to understand what the root causes are so we can keep it in proportion. Therefore, we are presenting this in-depth view of child prostitution.



In suburban Toronto, according to the *Toronto Daily Star*, Barbara and William George Sylvester pleaded guilty to having sexual relations with a 9-year-old girl and having procured a 13-year-old foster child for a friend. The older girl later told police that on numerous occasions she had been forced to have intercourse with a wide variety of men. The couple's farmhouse was outfitted with pornographic magazines, mechanical vibrators, and devices for sexual torture.

On Long Island, one woman and five men—including Dr. Russell Hoffman, an Adelphi University professor for ten years, and George W. Brehm, a wealthy school-equipment salesman—were indicted for their involvement in an international "club" that initiated fatherless boys 8 to 14 years old into deviate sexual behavior. Brehm, who told the boys he was an athletic recruiter for Columbia University, was charged with 41 counts, including sodomy and the sexual abuse of a 9-year-old and an 11-year-old. The *New York Times* reported that boys were given expensive clothes and taken on trips to Acapulco in return for their sexual favors.

The ugly, unvarnished truth is that these are only two instances of the sexual abuse and prostitution of children out of numerous occurrences which take

place yearly across the country. To a certain extent, our present-day problems with child prostitution grow out of our past experiences with it. Thus, the first step in understanding its continued existence is to place it in its proper historical perspective.

Child prostitution has existed in one form or another in virtually every major civilization in recorded history. Curiously, it is only since the Industrial Revolution and in Western culture that child prostitution has been considered an unnatural act.

In China from ancient times up into the 20th century, traffic in young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 was not only common but also honorable, says Russell Trainer in *The Lolita Complex* (Citadel Press, New York, 1966). Trainer, who worked closely with psychologists and psychiatrists in preparing the book, mentions that girls were sold into sexual service through a practice called "marriage by purchase." This is a neat euphemism for concubinage, whereby a wealthy Chinese gentleman bought a young girl from a poor family. The price the family received was determined by the child's charms and physical attributes. The girl never actually became the gentleman's wife, but was called a "foster daughter-in-law." Her duties were essentially sexual, although she was expected to do menial house-

hold chores as well.

Similarly, in ancient Egypt, preteen courtesans were sold into sexual bondage by poor families. Girls were considered sexual objects at the age of 10.

Surprisingly, Victorian England was a hotbed of sexual scandal. In addition to the extensive white slave trade that existed there, England earned notoriety as a favorite source of girls who were shipped to the Continent via Brussels and Antwerp, where "hardly a day went by without an auction taking place." Very young and highly strung children were usually doped with laudanum or opium and accompanied by a "mother" or "governess" who pretended that the child was being taken abroad to convalesce after a serious illness. The more recalcitrant girls and small children were heavily drugged, then placed in coffins equipped with airholes. Sometimes the victim would wake up during the voyage and die of sheer panic or self-strangulation.

Only recently, a collection of photographs taken by Charles Dodgson, better known by his pen name, Lewis Carroll, has come to light proving that the creator of *Alice in Wonderland* was more than slightly interested in the sexual possibilities of prepubescent children. Carroll's pedophilia went unnoticed in Victorian England or at least uncensored as long as he indulged with discretion and made sure his companions were from a lower social class. Many of the children Carroll photographed with his newfangled camera were probably veterans of the prostitution houses by the time their pictures were taken at the age of 12 or 13.

Despite the prevalence of pedophilia throughout the ages, Western culture has advanced to the point where child prostitution is about as acceptable as an ax murder. But with the eradication of slavery, why does it continue to exist? There is simply no cut-and-dried answer; the reasons are complex and varied.

As history indicates, most cultures have been afflicted with this problem. While it has been tolerated in various societies, it has been strongly condemned in others. In America, of course, child prostitution is taboo. But even here, a wealthy man with a taste for young girls can satisfy his craving and still remain on the fringe of respectability.

For instance, almost everyone loves and reveres Charlie Chaplin, yet many people haven't the slightest idea that he was inordinately fond of very young girls. Shortly before he made his famous film *The Gold Rush* he spied and introduced himself to a charming seven-year-old named Lita Grey (rumor has it



"Next!"

The Kiddy Pornographers

Like child prostitution, the current wave of child pornography, or "kiddy porn," is an example of adults profiting through the sexual exploitation of the naive, helpless and hungry.

But who are the exploiters? The fact that much of the flak generated by the kiddy porn controversy has been erroneously directed against magazines like *HUSTLER* indicates that the general public does not really know who is responsible for books and films with titles such as: *Children-Love; Chicken; Lollihots; Lolita-Love; Young Boys, Big Cocks*. . .

Most of the kiddy porn available in the U.S. is European-produced, coming mainly from West Germany and Denmark. It's no secret who produces this, since the material is copyrighted and the publisher, editor, photographer and other production personnel are often listed on a masthead. (Eleven persons appear on the masthead of *Incest 1*, a Danish magazine which verbally and visually depicts a middle-aged man having oral sex and intercourse with his 14-year-old daughter.)

In America, however, the production of kiddy porn is an underground industry. Few large companies here are willing to run the risk of producing and distributing any type of erotica—hard- or soft-core—involving children (typical exceptions are the nudist magazine, "art" book and sex manual). Most big-time domestic pornographers draw the line at teenagers, and the models they pass off as teenage are young looking, but of legal age. American-made child pornography is most often produced by individuals and small-time mail-order outfits, who hawk their wares through ads in underground sex papers ("Foxy mini-chicks deliciously posed to tease and please you") and through brochures mailed to select customers.

These were the sales methods of PAMSCO, a Los Angeles-based one-man operation that typifies this country's kiddy porn enterprise. PAMSCO sold photo sets of girls eight through early teens posed nude and seminude. None of these photos was hard-core (showing penetration), but one girl was shown urinating into a wastebasket and another had semen visible in a vaginal close-up.

The man who ran PAMSCO was arrested in March 1976 for selling obscene materials through the mails. The following August he was sentenced to two years imprisonment, five years probation and fines totaling \$15,000. His legal expenses and fines amounted to more than \$38,000, quite a hefty sum for a man who says he is embarrassed by how little the business

earned him, but that "it was a living."

However, according to Sergeant Lloyd Martin of the Los Angeles Police Department, kiddy pornographers are making more than just "a living." Child pornography is "a multi-million dollar industry," Sergeant Martin said in an interview aired last May on CBS's *60 Minutes*. The sergeant alleged that the producers of kiddy porn were sometimes the children's parents, but that most often they were child molesters who sought out youngsters with no traceable background—runaways and illegal aliens. Sergeant Martin also claimed that children were available as models and/or sexual outlets for \$750-\$1500 through a sort of black market. "For example," he said, "if your sexual preference was a 12-year-old boy, within about three days I could have a 12-year-old boy delivered to you, here in Los Angeles, in your garage."

The fact that kiddy pornographers come in some very unlikely disguises is evidenced by two nationally publicized scandals, both involving young boys. In November 1976, the Reverend Claudius Ira (Bud) Vermilye, Jr., 47, an Episcopal priest who ran a rehabilitative home for teenage boys near Tullahoma, Tennessee, was arrested and charged with "crimes against nature." Vermilye allegedly produced films and photos of some of the boys at the home engaged in acts of fellatio and sodomy, and on occasion enjoyed the charms of the young boys himself. Some of this material was sent to potential contributors and sponsors of the home to assure them that their money would be spent for "a very worthy cause."

In May of this year, Lloyd William Lange, 42, of Park Ridge, Illinois, was charged along with two adult accomplices of producing a pornographic movie featuring two 14-year-old boys. Like Vermilye, Lange was only moonlighting as a pornographer; the rest of the time he made his living as a dentist.

American businessmen who openly make their living from the adult entertainment industry have been quick to disassociate themselves from the free-lance kiddy pornographers. The typical attitude of most of the adult entertainment industry was summed up by erotic filmmaker Jim Mitchell (*Behind the Green Door*), who telephoned the owner of a theater which was busted for showing a film entitled *Young Lolitas or Youthful Lust*, in which girls aged 6 to 11 were shown having sex with adults. "You're no pornographer," Mitchell told the man. "I've got nothing but contempt for you."—Michael Toohey

that this is where Nabokov's famed *Lolita* sprang from). Chaplin was so enchanted with young Lita that he contrived to have her around him constantly and soon hired her as a walk-on for his films. He pursued little Lita for years, and although no one knows for sure when he finally seduced her, it is a matter of record that he knocked her up at the age of 16. Similarly, one of the biggest rock-and-roll stars of the '50s, Jerry Lee Lewis, was long attracted to his cousin. After courting her for an undetermined period, he married her when she was 13.

Additional insight into why mature men prefer 12-year-olds to a mature woman can be obtained from convicted pedophile Yul Duersted's book *Green Fruit* (Grove Press, New York, 1974). Duersted, who spent years chasing and seducing small children, explains that

he and adult women are incompatible because a woman's character and disposition are already formed, while the personalities of young girls are plastic and can be molded to fit his proclivities. Moreover, he prefers young bodies because their breasts are firm and horizontal, stomachs are flat and hard, and they haven't any pubic hair. He boasts that the children he violated always looked innocent regardless of how depraved they were and, he adds: "You do not have to ask her for sex; she always asks *you*, and if you refuse, she will plead for it, beg for it. . . ." In addition, "Preadolescent girls . . . have no smell . . . one could perform cunnilingus on a twelve-year-old for hours without the slightest taint upon the breath."

Unsurprisingly, this man finds the sight of a mature woman's body sickening, and he goes on to describe older

women in a revolting manner. He later confesses his own homosexual inclinations, which could explain his (and probably others') preoccupation with the essentially boylike shape that most young girls possess.

Of course, men such as Duersted are only one of the reasons child prostitution continues to exist. Other reasons go deeper. They are directly related to our culture, our institutions and our national psychology. A searching inquiry into the child-prostitution phenomenon reveals that virtually all cases fall into four distinct categories.

RUNAWAYS AND CHILDREN WITH NO FAMILY

Danielle, according to the *New York Times* (June 1, 1976) was ten years old when she left her family. Like most "throwaway" children, she is reticent

about why she had to leave and will say no more than "something happened." On her own, Danielle followed the example of the Bronx's estimated 15,000 other parentless children—she moved into one of the hundreds of abandoned buildings that dot the neighborhood. With no heat, no plumbing, and often no windows or doors, these buildings are hideouts for ghetto criminals as well as shelters for homeless children.

For her first year as a city nomad, Danielle didn't do much of anything except hang out, listen to music on a transistor radio, beg, steal and get high. By the time she was 11, determined to make herself money, she decided "to be a better whore than my mother." For the next two years she plied her trade in the abandoned buildings. Only 13 when the police caught her and placed her in a children's home, she still longs for the days on the street. "I miss it, to tell you the truth," she says. "It wasn't so bad. I knew what I was doing."

That a young girl like Danielle is forced to prostitute herself is a devastating comment on how our society is run. But the fact that she actually prefers her life-style to the type of rehabilitation opportunities available is a national disgrace. Danielle is no exception. Most of those 15,000 Bronx nomads don't want anything to do with the type of help existing institutions offer.

"The shelters and the homes are run like prisons," explains one of the few social workers who would cooperate with this study, under the condition that his name would not appear. "Life in them is regimented, there's no freedom, the people who run them are harsh disciplinarians, they guard the kids like hawks. It's a crummy life. When they were outside their time was their own, they could do what they wanted, go where they pleased. I knew two runaways the city found living on a rooftop they'd fixed up. As soon as they got out of the city shelter they went right back to the same rooftop."

Ironically, when many of these kids hit the street they're not too screwed up. "The runaway is often the healthiest person in the family," points out a nun who runs four shelters in the Bronx through a New York City agency—the Group Live-in Experience. "Wait till you meet the families. The child who runs away is saying, 'I'm not going to be part of this.'"

PARENTS WHO PROSTITUTE THEIR CHILDREN

The *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* carried a story that Mrs. Carol Cramer, a suburban housewife, was charged with forcing her two daughters, aged 13 and 14, into prostitution. "The two girls were bringing in an average of two hundred-forty

dollars a week," a spokesman for the district attorney explained. "They were charging their clients between five and twenty dollars." Further investigation revealed that their mother was forcing them to have relations with four to six clients a day for more than a year. The house where the prostitution occurred was described as "a neat brick home that was filthy inside." One of the girls had not attended school for almost a year because she didn't have any shoes.

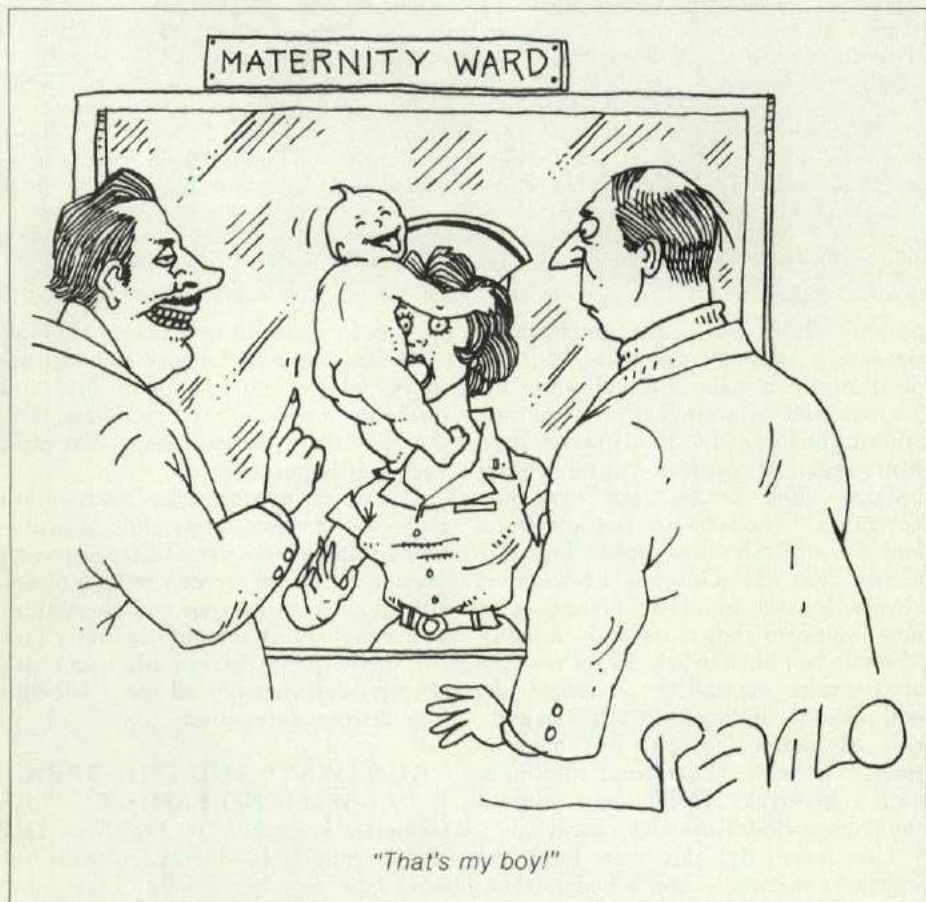
What sort of people force their kids into a life of prostitution? Psychologists themselves are not certain. For years the prevalent theories were that such parents were psychotic, senile, mentally deficient or suffering some sort of physiological brain disorder. Nowadays, the experts express doubt. "Sure, these people are severely disturbed," says one Manhattan psychologist, "but you've got to remember that this is a culture in which we are all encouraged to act out our fantasies, so we should expect to see more instances of this sort of behavior than we'd see in a nonreflective society." One of the most publicized instances of child prostitution in recent years is an excellent case in point.

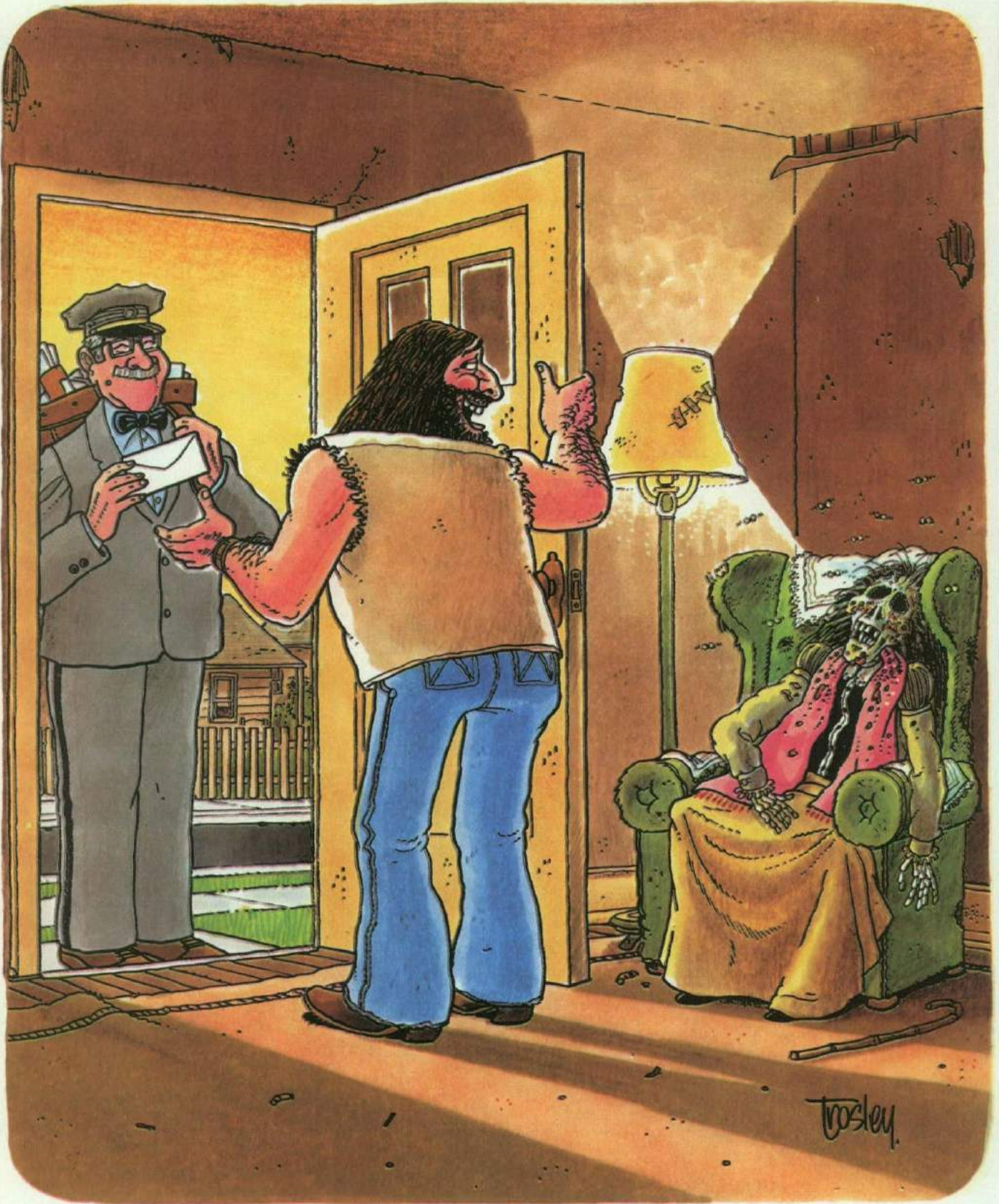
According to the *New York Times*, and the *New York News*, a middle-aged Long Island couple, Eugene Abrams and his wife Joyce, were charged with operating a \$250,000 a year pornographic-photo operation employing child models, the oldest being only 14. The parents were not only successful and well-off financially, but unusually intelligent. Eugene Abrams, once a member of Mensa, an international society whose members all have IQs of more than 155, held patents on complex electronic equipment used in antiballistic missile early-warning systems and lunar modules. Yet, this uniquely talented man photographed his own three-and-a-half-year-old daughter committing sexual acts.

Other aspects of the case demonstrate just how pervasive and clandestine this type of behavior is in our society. For instance, when the police busted the Abramses' operation they discovered 3,000 sealed envelopes containing pictures of children committing sexual acts with adults. Already addressed, they were about to be mailed to virtually every state in the union.

Even more revealing is the ease with which this couple persuaded dozens of other parents to supply their daughters for erotic photo sessions. Using legitimate publications and their own phone number, they simply ran an ad that stated: "\$200 fee for girl models 8 to 14 years of age. Must have parents consent. One-day photo session." Parents who called were told the exact purpose of the

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"It's the mailman, mother dear ... with your Social Security check."

WATER SPORTS

Learning lifesaving and water safety techniques can be a rewarding experience, especially with personalized training. One of the methods demonstrated here is the art of undressing after an unplanned dip in the water. Since the heavy material may drag you to the bottom, this skill is particularly important if you plunge into a deep hole that may seem to suck you up and not let go.









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Even with a good set of water wings, a swimmer can get into trouble, so our instructor shows the best use of the crotch carry and breast stroke. You can also perform the four-legged underwater crawl, used when you're not sure which end is up. Our lifeguard also points out how to keep a drowning swimmer from putting up a struggle: ask her to spread her legs and show her you have friendly intentions.

If she has gone under for the third time, she's likely to latch onto anything hanging nearby, and that could head off a successful rescue attempt. With the proper approach, you can bring her up face first before onlookers can say, "Thar she blows!"

So learn what to do if you find yourself facing a hairy situation. Then, when you've licked the murky problem, take a break for a little beach ball.









CHILD PROSTITUTION

(continued from page 86)

photo sessions. Police estimated that about 40 or 50 of them not only complied, but some even offered to pose with their children.

An enlightening aspect of this case was the indictment of *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein as co-conspirator, simply because *Screw* had run the vaguely written Abramses' ad. The prosecutors ignored the fact that the ad also ran in the *Village Voice*, and other papers, and directed their attack against Goldstein's tabloid. This was a classic example of overzealous prosecutors attempting to link erotic publications with abhorrent sex practices, something that is becoming more and more common. Goldstein was acquitted, but the prosecutors nevertheless succeeded in instilling in the public's mind a connection between *Screw* and the sexual exploitation of children. In the wake of the recent kiddie porn uproar, it has become apparent that the same dubious logic is being used today to condemn erotic publica-

CHILD MOLESTATION

While not much is understood about parents who prostitute their children, a

good deal is known about child molesters. J. W. Mohr, R. E. Turner and M. B. Jerry in their startling study *Pedophilia and Exhibitionism: A Handbook* (University of Toronto Press, 1964) have turned up some unsettling facts. All child-molesting cases are divided into two categories: those involving accidental victims and those involving participating victims. In roughly half of all cases the victim is coaxed into participating, usually with some sort of financial reward or present. While these children may not completely understand what they are doing, they in essence are prostituting themselves.

Sexual intercourse is not the molester's primary aim. Fondling, exposure and masturbation are the most frequently reported sex acts. It's no mere coincidence that those are the exact sex acts that young children indulge in among themselves. In other words, the molester's sexuality has been stunted at the prepubescent stage. They prefer girls between the ages of 6 and 11 and are more likely to know the children they molest. Child molesters are not so seriously unbalanced that they cannot function in society. Many, in fact, hold responsible jobs. Moreover, their intelligence, occupation, education and religious preferences seem to mirror society's as a whole. They fear mature women, have repressed much of their sexual longing and are often impotent.

Georgie, a once-successful accountant, is a classic example of the type of man driven to seek sex with children. Russell Trainer, in *The Lolita Complex*, explains that Georgie sublimated his sex drive throughout his teens and into his 20s, pouring his energy into his work. By the time he was 30 he enjoyed a comfortable income and decided that he could afford a wife. He courted and married a voluptuous 19-year-old; from the very first, sex was a disaster. With little prior experience, Georgie's lovemaking was childlike and pathetic. A lion in the boardroom, he was determined to be a lion in the bedroom. Avidly he read every marriage manual available. But nothing worked. His unsatisfied wife openly scorned him and took a lover. Georgie became totally impotent. Crushed, he divorced his wife, lost his lucrative job and sank into a deep state of depression. Georgie never touched a mature woman again.

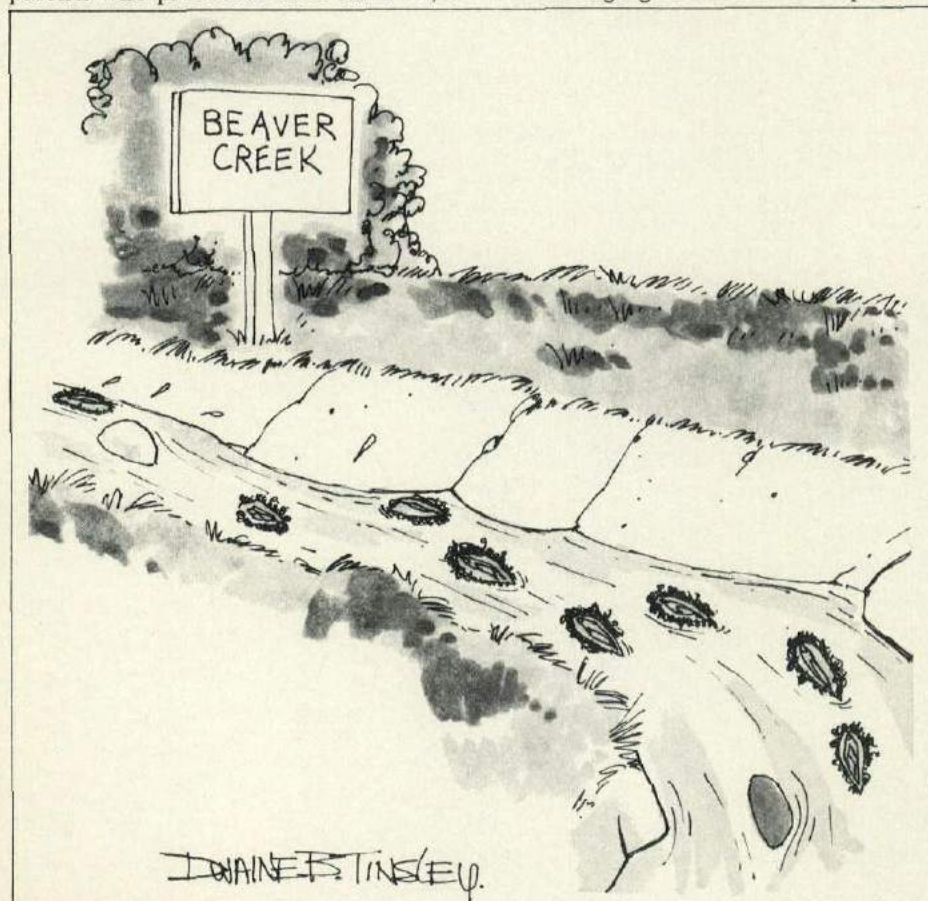
One day, while tramping the streets in despair, Georgie passed a playground where a number of prepubescent girls were playing. While watching one of the little girls, a flash of white buttocks grabbed his attention and his libido. Georgie experienced a sudden return of potency. Aroused, he walked closer to the little girl. She, seeing his attention, smiled and asked him to boost her to the top of the monkey bars. As Georgie grasped her by the waist and lifted her upward he experienced an intense orgasm. Ten minutes later, when the little girl asked to be helped down, he returned her to the ground at a more leisurely pace, brushing her slight body against his. He once again ejaculated.

Soon afterwards Georgie moved into an apartment across the street from the playground and in no time transformed himself into "Uncle Georgie"—a favorite among parents and children alike. The parents, because he liked to spend time with the children, looked on him as a "resident baby-sitter." The children loved him and would often knock on his door and ask him to come out and play.

Sixteen years later, the police ascertained that he had been cunningly exposing himself and masturbating against children for years, often without the child's knowledge. But he never physically hurt the children, and fondling their genitals would be enough to bring him instant release.

CHILDREN WHO SEEK SEX

Toronto police, according to the *Toronto Daily Star*, uncovered a prostitution ring in May 1975 run, organized and made up of girls between the ages of 11 and 14. Police accidentally stumbled upon these enterprising kids while



searching for a missing 10-year-old. While the 10-year-old herself was not involved, the other girls would accompany men to the men's rooms and engage in sex acts for a five-dollar fee.

This isn't an isolated instance: Children have and will prostitute themselves with little or no coaxing from adults. Psychologists explain that, by nature, virtually all children are "polymorphously perverse." This Freudian theory, as explained in Alan Bell's and Calvin Hall's *Personality of a Child Molester* (Aldine Publishing Company, Chicago, 1971) contends that until socially conditioned by their parents or society, children will automatically do anything that feels good. Small children are capable of receiving and enjoying sexual gratification from members of either sex or even from animals. Children are simply not born with instinctual morality or faculties for sexual discrimination. Parents impose moral strictures on them. Yet, this explains only in part why children prostitute themselves or permit themselves to be molested for money.

Psychiatrists have observed that children who willingly participate in sexual acts with adults all display similar personality disorders. They all make repeated attempts at attracting the males supervising them, while remaining cold and aloof to the female adults in attendance.

Frequently they are the products of broken families or homes where a strong male figure is absent. As a result, they all possess an unusually strong need for male affection, often resent their mothers and also tend to display an excessive interest in sexual matters. Moreover, their outward behavior toward older males, particularly their psychiatrists, resembles the coy, seductive posturing associated with adult females.

Feeling that their parents, often their fathers, did not love or appreciate them, these children not only willingly participate but often initiate sex play. This is all combined with a strong sense of unconscious guilt, usually related to feelings of unworthiness or a belief that they precipitated the events that denied them a father. As a result, they often wish to be punished or mistreated as a means of relieving that guilt.

From this desperate need for affection comes the compulsion for sexual activity, and from sex it's a short step to prostitution. Again from *The Lolita Complex* comes this case history. Bea, a brooding, introverted daughter of a migrant family, was the victim of parental disinterest. The only time her father paid her any attention was when he was

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HUSTLER'S BIASED GUIDE TO VERY CHEAP WINES

By Tim Conaway

It was another one of those crazy HUSTLER assignments. The magazine wanted a consumer's guide to cheap wines, but the staff was convinced the job would be too easy if given the usual approach. Why not survey winos about cheap wines to give the article an interesting slant? Why not send staff sot Tim Conaway to do it?

They thought I would be able to commune in spirit with the New York branch of cheap wine experts, the bums down on the Bowery. I thought it would be relaxing to get out of Columbus. We were both wrong.

The HUSTLER people were right on one point: My qualifications for the job were impeccable. In fact, I began researching cheap wines as a child. Muscatel was common at my house. I remember my first secret sip. It tasted as bad as it smelled—an odor befitting cleaning fluid more than the nectar of grapes. How could anyone drink it? I still can't stand the taste.

Probably the most surprising thing about Skid Row denizens is the fact that they don't like muscatel either. Muscatel tends to be the cheapest of wines and therefore would seem most attractive to winos. But winos drink muscy only when finances dictate its use.

Alcohol takes the pressure off and keeps an edge



on. The usual myths about alcoholics and muscatel have a basis in truth, according to winos. Since it's cheaper, a guy on hard times will resort to buying it. But his taste buds are set for something better. It satisfies a physical need that has no cure.

Muscatel satisfies that need with an alcohol content of 19 percent by volume. Made from muscat grapes blended with several other varieties, it is the

last choice on the Bowery, dealt with here to admonish those who think this article is limited to the legend of winos and muscy.

You arrive at the Bowery expecting to find the worst drunks passed out in doorways and sprawled across sidewalks, being set on fire by Chinese street gangs. It's raining, but you don't think that will matter to people who never change clothes and who might spend the night on the same spot where they spent the day.

You are surprised to find few winos on the street. Many of them might have taken refuge in the various missions in the area, but that means no panhandling—and no booze.

You wonder how aggressive the winos will be in their panhandling efforts. You know they'll spot you as an easy mark, Polaroid strung around your neck, tape recorder bulging from your jacket

pocket, and clean clothes. No one approaches you, which is a surprise, considering the overall appearance.

Bowery winos are interested in sweet wines—preferably ports. There is an interesting correlation between alcoholism and sweets. Many alcoholics who try to quit drinking use candy as a substitute—and end up overindulging in that habit. I've never cared for sweets.

The preference for port goes even further than taste. Port and other dessert wines have a higher alcohol content than dinner wines. Some ports have as much as 19 percent alcohol by volume. Since the price varies little, if at all, between dinner and dessert wines, there's more alcohol per penny in ports.

The favorite ports of the winos are Italian Swiss Colony (I. S. C.) and Gallo. Both of these brands advertise widely on TV, although neither calls on a fellow like Tony Simms for testimonials.

Simms is more like the jovial street bum you see on TV cop shows than the "real" Skid Row denizens. He claims to have a house in Camden, New Jersey. ("Have you ever been there?" "No, but I've heard of it.") Simms has not crossed the doorstep of his Garden State home for five months. He would have had the whiskers to prove it, but he'd been shaved that morning, he told me. However, a month's worth of stubble still prickled on his face.

Italian Swiss Colony white port is Tony Simm's favorite. He proudly displayed a pint he'd just purchased, tapping it with his forefinger and smiling before returning it to his jacket pocket.

This dramatic gesture did not satisfy my curiosity, so I continued my questioning.

"What's in it for me?" Tony asked.

"Maybe another one of those," I said, pointing at his pocket.

"Well, what do you want to know?"

I really needed to know more than which were the cheapest wines available. Anyone who understands arabic numerals can figure that out, after a quick tour of a local liquor store.

I wanted to know which of the cheapest wines were best, taking into account flavor, alcohol content, lasting effect and the possible damage to a person's insides.

I. S. C. port tasted best to Tony, both white and dark port, but "most people drink the white." I also learned that Gallo ports are widely used, but cost five cents more at the store Simms frequents.

"A nickel is a lot to a bum."

But the price isn't the only consideration for Simms. "Gallo is a lot sweeter. It leaves sweet bubbles in your mouth. You spend all your time wanting a drink

of water." At this, he snarled and shook his head. With another 150 pounds, he could have been W. C. Fields: red-faced, a bulbous nose covered with broken veins, and a wide range of facial expressions. But Fields had all his teeth.

You wonder how rough life is for these people, whether they lost their teeth through decay or some tragic experience on a drunken, Bowery night. There's nothing to see except the



flophouses and fleabag hotels, mostly run-down, foreboding buildings that would have been condemned long ago in other cities. You wonder if sleeping in doorways is much worse.

Simms has been sleeping at a Lyon's House, one of several flophouses set up at the bequest of a philanthropist. "Now the place I'm stayin' in is clean," Simms said after pointing out that "most of these places are shithouses."

But clean is not quiet. "Last night I told somebody to keep it down, and the cocksucker threw a wine bottle and broke it on the wall over my head."

At least there seemed to be some excitement in the life of Tony Simms, who claimed to be the beneficiary of a handout from John Wayne. Always a story to tell.

I was cold and wet when I returned to the hotel, having spent the day in a torrential rain with unusually high winds, and was disappointed with what I'd accomplished and afraid I'd be sick for the rest of my stay. I hung my only jacket in the bathroom, turned on the hot water in the shower, and settled down on the john while my coat steamed itself back to a reasonable condition.

You've got to eat if you're going to drink. A good dinner would be the best thing for me, I decided, so I feasted on some Rocky Mountain trout with trimmings. The fact that the hem of my coat and lower halves of my sleeves were still sopping wet no longer bothered me. I polished off the meal with some coffee sweetened with Courvoisier, and my spirits brightened tremendously.

I headed for some Village bars, where I enjoyed drinking beer with *real* people, a pleasant change from Columbus. I drank. I talked. People spoke to me without playing asshole ego games. The beer went down like water. My stomach untied itself and accepted the golden nectar easily.

When I returned to the hotel, I decided to take advantage of the movies-in-your-room feature, so I switched the knob on the box on the TV and dialed the appropriate number. I wanted to see *Taxi Driver*, mainly because it would be nice to have an English-speaking taxi driver at least once in New York. I told this to the person on the other end of the line.

"What?" he asked.

"I wanna see Taxshee Driber, 3 a.m. showing," I slurred.

"I can't hear you, sir."

"I wanna shee TAXSHEE DRIBER, 3 a.m. showing," I emphasized.

"Sir, I can't understand you."

"I wanna shee TAX-SHEE DRI-BER, 3 a.m. showing."

I can't recall the remainder of our conversation. I switched to channel 3, and there on my screen was *Naughty Girls on the Loose*, 3 a.m. showing. The film involved a bunch of naked girls bounding around the inside of the television. I passed out.

At 8 a.m., or thereabouts, I was jarred from sleep by voices in my room. There at the foot of my bed, talking to me, were Kris Kristofferson and Sara Miles in *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*. I reasoned I had missed the sex scene, so I dozed off again.

Later in the morning, a gun blast jerked me awake. Jack Nicholson had just blown the old rancher out of his wheelchair in *The Missouri Breaks*. I turned off the goddamn television set. It was time for me to split and get back to the other drinks.

Stash Tempelhof had an articulate discussion of wines—for that hour of the morning.

"Gallo and Italian Swiss Colony are the two most used around here," Stash reported, never changing expression or taking his hands from his pockets. He reported paying the same price for each brand, and so had no preference. But he confirmed the notion of port as a favorite, again finding no difference in the taste of either brand.

There is a difference between the word "sweet" in connection with wine and the way the word is normally used. Drinking sweet wine is not like imbibing bonbons. The "sweet bubbles" winos experience are probably an aftertaste that wines with a high alcohol content have. I experienced this aftertaste with all the high-percentage wines

I tasted, including Italian Swiss Colony and Gallo. It was especially true with the dark ports.

I. S. C. is slightly smoother than Gallo, but I found that the presence of a higher alcohol content affected the taste—for me at least—so that I could take no more than a few sips of either of the Bowery Big Two.

Italian Swiss Colony is in fact the “first or second largest distributor” of wines in the country, according to a company spokesman. That could be the result of 96 years of California winemaking, but more than likely it’s because of competitive pricing, ranging from 85 cents to \$1.20 a pint depending on local taxes.

Gallo has been making wine in California since before the turn of the century. Gallo offers one of the largest selections of wines from a single company and also claims top-ranked distribution. In most wine stores, Gallo’s prices are the same as those for the same type of wine bottled under any other label.

Unlike Simms, Tempelhof did not get around to the matter of finances. And he might not have, unless his friend, who would not be named, had come along.

The pair pooled their resources—shared their wine and their security. That security in numbers must have its value, judging from a jagged scar on Tempelhof’s forehead. Although it fell short of the set of scars on my face, which resembles a topographical map of the Amazon River valley, I was certain his scars had been acquired under more violent conditions than mine.

Mine had come during a less than sober evening in Columbus—hating the city, its traffic signals and the restaurant where I decorated the table with mustard. While “pushing a yellow light,” as they say in the Midwest, my VW became engaged with a Ford product, and my forehead pressed my rear-view mirror against the windshield. Columbus scarred me for not liking its wide streets. Stash probably got his marks because he had a quarter in his pocket.

You are again puzzled that you haven’t been approached by a single person for money. You notice that some of the winos don’t face you as you near them. How could they be more afraid of you than you are of them? After a few conversations, you begin to realize that many of these people are not happy to be bums. The circumstances of their disease have led them to this life. It isn’t a matter of choice, but one of necessity. It’s like joining the army to learn a trade. Or being a writer. You realize they are outcasts who don’t appreciate strangers mucking about on their turf.

Although Tempelhof was not a fountain of good information, he was at least a refreshing oasis in a desert of untalkative souls. Even Stash’s friend was more interested in my handout than in earning it. His wine preference was for a bottle of French rose which runs “about \$4 in spare change.” He even messed up my picture-taking session with Stash after I’d doled out my dollars from the information fund. He allowed time for



only one out-of-focus shot, and then hurried Stash along to the closest liquor store.

“You’ve got your picture,” he said impatiently.

“Yeah, and you’ve got my dollar,” I thought, thinking it quietly so as not to push my luck. After all, this guy was pretty burly, by wino standards, and Stash had been a World War II pilot.

It was part of my research method to pick winos who were alone and off to themselves. It was possible for many of them to be alone even in a group. One fellow I approached had no difficulty being alone. I came on to him with my usual “Excuse me, sir, I’m doing an article on cheap wines” routine. He began shaking his finger at me and raving like a marine recruit at bayonet practice. Using a sidestep maneuver I’d learned in junior high football, I avoided this man, looking back over my shoulder to find him pointing and growling at a garbage can.

I have been known, at certain points of intoxication, to make guttural sounds and obscene references to young ladies, but I have never verbally demeaned an inanimate object.

As fate would have it, the next man I approached leaned into the gutter, where he heaved up a fresh helping of beans before I was halfway through my spiel. It was disgusting, insulting and not at all unusual on this Lower East Side street.

I was surprised I was able to keep down the western omelet I’d had for breakfast, considering the gut-tugging effect of the Bowery and my liquid consumption from the previous evening.

Wine can do funny things to your insides, but the word from the wino wise was that it’s necessary to eat to keep your guts in working order. The omelet had helped, I reasoned.

“If anybody gets the shits around here, it’s his own fault,” Tony Simms told me. “Ya gotta eat. Ya can’t drink this stuff and not eat.”

“You try to eat regularly then?” I queried.

“Oh, yeah. If you don’t eat, you get the runs, er, diarrhea,” a thought which Tony obviously regarded on the same level with drinking water to chase away sweet bubbles.

“I eat every day,” a tall wino told me, astonished that I would ask. He was standing near a Salvation Army mission at the time, waiting for the 4:15 Sunday meal. “You’ve gotta have some food to settle your stomach or you’ll pass out,” he added.

An old timer—although it’s hard to guess ages here—told me, “Some wines will make you throw up.”

“Which ones?” I asked eagerly, hoping to break new ground in my research.

“Oh, any wine will make you throw up if you drink too much. If you drink too much wine you won’t be able to keep any food down. It’ll just come right back up.”

I finally narrowed his bad wine list down to “candy wines.” Being more specific, he told me that candy wines are “you know, some of these wines, I think they got fruit in ’em. Some people can drink these candy wines. I don’t know. I can’t drink that stuff.”

I thought I’d try out some candy wine, and picked up Mogen David’s MD 20-20 Big Apple wine. Its 20 percent alcohol content would seem to make it a natural among winos.

Remembering the fresh taste of apple cider on a warm October day, I swallowed my first gulp and immediately wondered why anyone would want to drink unleaded gasoline.

I once drank three fifths of Boone’s Farm Strawberry Hill wine in a single evening, and spent more time on the shitter the next day than I had spent being drunk the night before. Ripple has the same effect when taken in large quantities, but doesn’t taste so bad, especially when mixed with Seven-Up and ice.

As it turned out, the candy wine interview was a wealth of information on the Bowery. Few winos were as articulate as Tony Simms or Stash Tempelhof. Fewer wanted to be named, and for the limited information I got from them their names would have meant little. “You don’t need my name” was one of the more accurate statements I got from these guys. Fewer still would allow a picture,

or would stand still long enough, if they were able, for me to get a clear shot. Polaroids are not ideal for shooting photos of winos. When a liquor store's waiting for that crisp new dollar bill, the intricate rigmarole of self-developing film is a nuisance.

One well-traveled wino was an interesting cross between the anonymity-seeking Skid Row habitue and the jolly bum. Although he wouldn't give his name, he allowed a photo, as long as he could stand out of the wind. He'd been "hanging out a banner," slang for sleeping on doorsteps.

"Wine? I can tell ya about wines," he chuckled. He preferred New York State wines, especially Taylor wines, because they didn't have chemicals in them. Chemicals seemed to be a big subject among wine drinkers.

"Most people don't know it, but New York is almost as big a grape state as California," and Golden State wines were the ones this expert felt contained chemicals.

"Sneaky Pete we call it," and I thought the name would be a fitting title for the man I was talking to. "I drank it when I was out there," he said in reference to California wine and the days when a pint cost 20 cents. "But you've got to stay away from those chemicals."

Actually, all American wineries are forbidden by law to include any chemicals in their product. Sugar or yeast are sometimes added to aid fermentation, but no chemicals, company spokesmen claimed. Even fruit-flavored wines are made with real fruit, since artificial flavoring would involve the illegal use of chemicals.

Some companies, such as Taylor, "ameliorate" their wines, a process of stabilization that involves passing the wine through chemicals. However, the companies say that the wines are screened at the end of the process to insure that no chemicals remain.

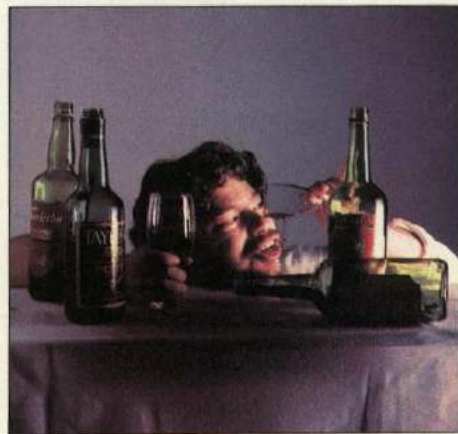
"It's all chemicals. All of it," I was told over and over again. "Look what this shit does to your body," one hairy specimen complained as he showed me his gnarled, shaking hand. His face had the same features as all the rest, only it was better hidden by a shock of brown hair and a full beard that if cleaner and neater would have been reminiscent of Father Time's.

Sneaky Pete, who was clean-shaven, was visibly upset by chemicals and wine. As he wiped his watery eyes and told me of his preference for Taylor's natural wines, he complained about the physical problems he was experiencing. "I've been drinking muscatel," he explained with disdain. "It makes me break out in

wine sores. I've got sores all over my body." Fortunately, he didn't offer to show them to me.

I left Sneaky Pete as he shuffled off to the liquor store, moving along in his white plastic house slippers stuffed with pink Kleenex. I wondered if he was going to purchase some California wine, or wait to get enough money for a quart of Taylor. "They don't sell it in anything smaller than quarts," he said, shaking his head slightly.

Taylor bottles wine in tenths and fifths, setting their prices on a compara-



tive basis with other wines. The largest shipper of premium wines east of the Rockies, Taylor somehow gets little mention in the Bowery.

I've been drinking Taylor wines on and off for several years and I find them to be smoother—even the ports—than most wines in their price range. But like Sneaky Pete, I've never seen Taylor in anything smaller than fifths.

Some of the people on the Bowery maintain a degree of cleanliness, and you seldom smell strong body odor on these people, which surprises you.

One of the men you spot is wearing a pair of pants so old the crotch has worn completely away, exposing his cock and balls. He doesn't seem to notice or care when tourists point him out and exclaim, "Oh, that's disgusting." You think he might make an interesting interview, but as you wait for the traffic to pass so you can cross the street, the crotchless wino is accosted by a large Negro bum. He runs away and doesn't stop for you when you approach him. It's time to go to the hotel and have a drink where normal people aren't as depressing as usual.

By Sunday evening I had become depressed by the people on the Bowery, but I'd had some good interviews, my feet were tired, and it was getting dark. I returned to the hotel to examine a half-dollar size blister on my right foot. I wondered how bad it would have been if I hadn't been wearing Frye boots with supple natural leather. I could have worn Kleenex-stuffed slip-

pers or oversize shoes tied on with string or worn-out brogans with the backs cut down to accommodate my heels—like the latest Bowery styles.

My ankles were numb, and the calf of my right leg was stiff, so I stayed in so I could clear my tape and make notes on the progress of my research. Sipping on a couple of beers to help numb my extremities, I discovered that alcohol didn't seem to be a main consideration in the purchase of wine by these people: Alcohol was the reason they were there and was the explanation for their day-to-day struggle to get a bottle of wine.

Alcohol content figured in their preference for dessert wines, but they also considered which tasted best and would hurt them the least. I had been under the impression that Thunderbird was a favorite of winos, but it was branded as "bullshit" by those who believe in the pure grape theory. "That stuff has chemicals in it."

The same label was applied to Fred Sanford's favorite, Ripple. I also noticed that Ripple has a lower alcohol content than port wines, and wondered if that fact might have resulted in an unspoken prejudice against the brand.

There is also the possibility that these people need to find scapegoats for the fact that their abuse of wine is rotting away their bodies and their minds. Some chose California wines; others considered them chemical demons. Some labeled brands like Thunderbird as trash; others claimed Thunderbird was a good table wine, "if chilled." Those in more desperate straits were of one opinion: "It's all bullshit. I'll drink anything."

Thunderbird, chilled or not, has the appearance of high-grade motor oil. The comparison ends there. Thunderbird has a rough, biting taste that makes you wince as much as if you'd just had a slug of bad tequila. A California wine, T-bird markets only one flavor.

However, the overwhelming need among winos, more pressing than satisfaction of individual taste, was to drink until oblivion was reached. Some had reached it permanently. A pint of port was generally good for about an hour's worth of drinking. "That's all it takes," one fellow said, licking his lips after a sip of Italian Swiss Colony port. But most of the Bowery regulars like to have at least two pints before their ticket is punched for the day. Judging from the empties left lying about, this notion was borne out. When the six o'clock mission meal is served, they're getting back into form to hit the bottle again that evening, before curling up in a flophouse or doorway for the night.

Somehow that hardly seems different

from having to unfold a sofa bed in a \$45-a-night hotel room, especially after a few beers 30 stories up, which tends to make me dizzy. But considering the problem of getting maid service late at night, along with what I'd been through already, it was a minor frustration.

It seems I've heard the same stories over and over again from several different people, but I'm not satisfied. At least there must be some interesting characters, even if they don't have any new information about wine. I made my way to the Bowery bright and early on Monday determined there was more to find out. I was right. I found out Monday was not to be my day.

Among people like the Pointer, the Barfer and a fellow who was leaning against a lamppost, I found some people who were crazy and some talkers who gave me the same old line of shit about chemicals.

The lamppost-leaner looked like a good candidate for a talk on wines. When I approached him I got another lesson on judging by appearance. To my usual spiel about doing the article, he replied, "Umm, ooom, mah, uh, mooo, ahh," and then proceeded to slide slowly down the lamppost until he finally turned and caught himself.

He looked as if someone had propped him there to support the post.

Another old man, teetering like the World Trade Center in a high wind, confessed that he was a beer drinker. "Wine is bad for you. I can't drink it," he slobbered. Wine drinkers will tell you it's the whiskey drinkers who have stomach troubles.

"I don't know any wine drinker who has ulcers," Sneaky Pete told me as he rubbed his disgusting wine sores. And so it goes.

By noon, my faith in winos as experts was shot, but the one rummy who drove me back (not literally) to midtown Manhattan was the only wino who really evaded the question altogether. I don't think it was intentional, but he had his change-the-subject rap down better than Nixon at his Checkers speech prime.

He was one of the few winos I'd seen wearing glasses, and he was peering intently through the lenses, examining the contents of some wine bottles which had been left on the steps of a corner building. It would be clear even to the beginner that winos do not leave bottles containing wine lying about. Some prankster had deposited another liquid substance in the bottle.

The man practically ran away from me when I stated my purpose to him, telling me over his shoulder, "You can see what I'm drinking, it's all the same—full of chemicals."

I decided to leave it at that and move along to the next prospect, but unfortunately I moved in the same direction as my bespectacled friend. He stopped to tell me that articles should be the truth, because we need Gerald Ford in office. "Now that's what I think about it."

Did it stop there? I learned he had been involved in lawsuits in seven states, with seven different lawyers, for seven years. New York City was going to have to come up with some money or else. He was divorced now.



"And I'll tell you something else about your articles. You can take your New York newspapers and stick 'em up your ass. Now that's what I think."

Each time you talk to one of these men, you begin to recognize someone you know. In your mind, the man with no crotch begins to resemble your father, who died 12 years ago. The man who is glaring at you over the frames of his glasses makes you think of a man you last saw asleep in a chair at a friend's party. You wonder if you might see someone you actually know. You won't be able to handle it if you do.

Monday morning had been bad karma. I wasn't having any luck with the winos. I returned to the hotel to read the *New York Post* and change my luck. *HUSTLER* Managing Editor Jim Heinisch arrived about a half-hour after my return. He was in town for a convention at a nearby hotel.

Jim had been sober only during those few hours he'd slept the past weekend, and we decided to adjourn to the lounge for a liquid lunch. It was nice to be in the company of a decent drunk for a change.

Despite the morning's events, I was not going to be put off from my notion that there was more to be learned on the Bowery. After lunch (three or four Michelobs can brighten your spirits), I journeyed back to find a different place than I'd left that morning. The Bowery now seemed to be predominantly black. There had been black winos in evidence on the Bowery, but not this many. Were

they taking over the neighborhood? What would happen to property values?

I had been careful to talk to winos in groups of one, and I had talked only to whites. I was desperate for information now, and I approached a couple of blacks to see if I could find out something new. As I worked through my opening line, two more Negro winos joined the group.

"Wha's that?" one asked, pointing to the camera strung around my neck.

"That's my camera."

"Can I have it?"

"No."

"Wha's that in you pocket?" another asked, pointing to my tape recorder.

"That's a tape recorder."

"Can I have it?"

"No."

"Come on, man, gimme that thing."

"Sorry, but—" and at that point one of the Negro winos tried to grab my camera strap. I pulled away and begged my tired, sore feet and legs to carry me away from there. My ankles hurt so much I'd stopped carrying my sap in my boot, so I shuffled off, and was glad that no one chased me.

Seeking immediate safety and wondering what I was going to do now for information, I came up with the brilliant idea of talking to the proprietor of a liquor store.

"We don't want to discuss that class of clientele and that class of wine."

I was talking to one man who kept saying "we," and I wondered if I was any safer in here than on the streets.

"We sell all kinds of wine and liquor," another "we" person told me. Perhaps they were referring to the ethnic group of which they are members, one comprising a number of doctors and lawyers.

After leaving the third store with this same rap, I spied a Negro wino staggering in my direction. I noticed a large baseball bat in his hand.

"That cuts it," I said aloud and headed for the hotel.

It might seem that this is an indictment of wine and wine drinking. Nothing done in excess is any good, and excess is the order of the day on the Bowery. I didn't let it change my own drinking habits.

In less extreme cases, wine drinking is a matter of choice and individual taste, and there are a number of American wines available that are inexpensive and above rotgut quality. Some of these are recommended by the men who drink wine as a way of life.

Whatever your feelings about wine and wine drinkers, it's hard not to have some sympathy for the fellow who gave me this opinion of wines: "You know what I wish? I wish they'd stop making the goddamn stuff." 🍷

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BEAVER HUNT



Pride goes before the fall, and our September crop of beaver beauties has a lot to be proud of. So proud, in fact, that we encourage them to let their clothes fall to the floor at every opportunity. We have a little encouragement for the men, too. Fellas, don't forget to take their pictures before you get too busy with other things.

Send us a sharply focused color photograph—no black and whites, please—of your favorite nude model, along with a short personality profile. Coax her to be as candid and original as possible, and be sure to fill out the model release form on page 111. Sorry, but all photos become the nonreturnable property of

HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

The coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license will be awarded to everyone who sends us a photo. If we publish your honey's picture, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee. If your lady is chosen as best amateur Beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, she may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her in the magazine, she'll receive a \$1000-\$1500 professional modeling fee. Picture what you could do with all that incentive—then send us a snapshot or two.

Photo by David Anthony



Twenty-two-year-old Cathy Kent is workin' at the car wash in Altadena, California. She hopes to be a model one day and enjoys swimming and cooking. Cathy dreams of making love in the forest and at the seashore.

Photo by Doug Fields



Irene Kovacs, a 25-year-old from Berkeley, California, is a typical West Coast girl when it comes to sex. She prefers it free and easy and out-of-doors. Sometimes she dreams of offering herself as a reward to successful HUSTLER sales directors.

Photo by W. Bonelli



Danes enjoy good, clean fun, as 19-year-old Odense, Denmark, beauty Mariann Andersen shows. A waitress at an embassy, Mariann enjoys karate and men, and would like to be photographed wearing sexy lingerie.

Mary Mahoney is a secretary from Boston's Hyde Park who says she's 23. When not swimming or bowling, Mary likes to dream of being master over a group of slaves at a seaside orgy.

Photo by Doug



Lynn Jet, a 23-year-old dancer and the pride of Dundalk, Maryland, has a simple, but arresting, hobby: she and friends hold a party where they get naked and jump in a pile. Her fantasies? She says we wouldn't believe them if we heard them.

Photo by Heinrich Nilson



Photo by Bill Schlosser



We've got a couple of Super Flies here in Columbus. Although they refused to be identified, they admitted to eating shit. The male said he also gets a buzz by fucking doggy-style.

A 19-year-old housewife from Elgin, Illinois, Susan Johnson enjoys camping and swimming nude, as well as making it in a field of flowers. Her fantasy is to screw on Elgin's Main Street at high noon in front of everyone.



Photo by Steven Johnson



Photo by Scott Snyder

Jennifer Metz, 19, is a waitress in Reading, Pennsylvania. She enjoys motorcycle riding, nude swimming, and arts and crafts. "I dream of making love on a beach with the water rushing over my body," Jennifer says.

Photo by Stick McKinney



Liza Summers is an exotic dancer and stripper in Charlotte, North Carolina. The 24-year-old divides her time between reading and oral sex, which she enjoys in all possible ways. "I also want my man to be animalistic," Liza writes.

A Greensboro, North Carolina, housewife, 21-year-old Judy Shinn likes motorcycles and horses. She pictures herself wrestling her rival to win her dream lover, and then taking him to a deserted island.

Photo by H. R. M.



Photo by Claude A. Oxford, Jr.

Twenty-two-year-old Stella Ferguson is a dancer from Indianapolis. Stella likes the strenuous life, and divides her time among sewing, dancing and skiing. She dreams of making it as part of a threesome—a good way to use her excess energy.

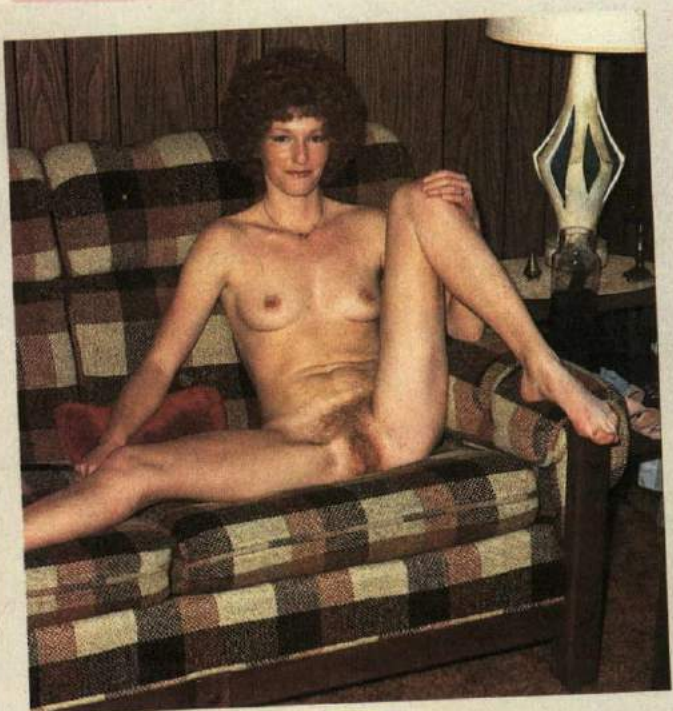


Photo by Frankie Lane



Danyale Davis, 19, is a go-go dancer from Charlotte, North Carolina. She's into motorcycling, horseback riding and watching pro wrestlers. She says she'd like to get in a grip with one sometime.

Chris Zuehl, a 20-year-old Milwaukee dancer and housewife, is an amateur artist and a waterbed-sports fan. Chris says she's thought of making it with another chick.



Photo by Greg Zuehl



Photo by Buz Fuller

Janet Fuller, 35, of Baltimore, is a saleslady with a green thumb. While Janet tends to her many houseplants, she dreams of getting it on with Burt Reynolds.

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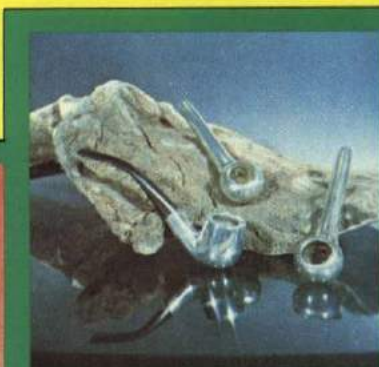
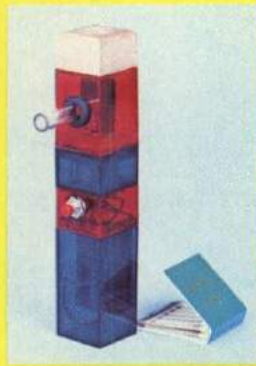
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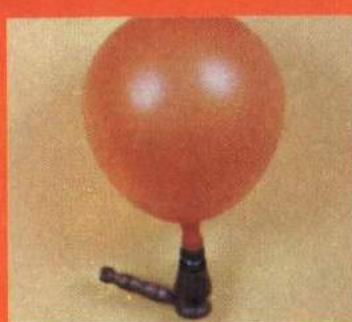
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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 16)

There are many informative books about sex available that could help you overcome both your sexual ignorance and your pain. If you wish to talk to your doctor, go ahead. Doctors are ethically bound not to discuss a patient's case with anyone, even parents or spouse, without the patient's consent.

I am a sexually active 19-year-old female, and I enjoy sex most of all when I have a full bladder. I'd like to know why this seems to increase my enjoyment.

T. B.
Tucumcari, New Mexico

The major function of the urethral sphincter muscle is to shut off the flow of urine at the end of urination, or to hold it back. It also compresses the vagina. Therefore, while you are contracting the muscle to contain the full bladder, you are also tightening your vaginal opening and gaining extra stimulation through penile contact and through indirect stimulation of the clitoris.

My boyfriend and I have been living together for four years and we have a two-year-old daughter. We don't have sex every night, but when we do, I have a hard time coming. He has no trouble at all. We've come to the conclusion that I've been trying too hard. Is this really possible? Is there anything I can do or take to help with this problem?

N. S.
Akron, Ohio

It is possible to try too hard to achieve orgasm. Orgasm is a neurovascular reflex, and should not require concentration or conscious effort. Anxiety caused by failure to reach orgasm can inhibit physical responses to sexual stimulation. A woman whose mind is filled with worry that she won't function as she thinks she must, or who has fears of inadequacy or abnormality, and is concerned about reaching orgasm probably will not. Orgasm is the result of physical and mental stimulation, and therefore must be felt rather than consciously achieved. Experimentation, either alone or with your partner, can help you discover what is most stimulating to you. Often, a vibrator is useful in conditioning your sexual reflexes and revitalizing the nerves that carry the sensations to your brain. Concentrate your efforts on feeling pleasure and stimulation rather than achieving orgasm. Enjoy the sexual excitement and let your pleasure be your guide.

I'm a male in my late 20s. Recently I met this woman in her early 30s. When it came to sex she said the only thing that gives her pleasure was my using a vibrator on her. When we get in bed she doesn't enjoy my sucking on her breasts or going down on her.

She stated quite bluntly that she just enjoys playing with herself. Should I drop her and stop wasting my time?

H. S.
Brooklyn, New York

Yes. This woman apparently feels either conscious or subconscious contempt toward men, and through this type of sexual restriction is psychologically castrating them. It is obvious that she has psychological problems and needs professional help. It would also be a good idea for you to reconsider your feelings about sex. Your indecision may indicate possible subconscious masochistic tendencies.

My wife and I have a great sex life. For the past year or so she has been sucking me off while I lick her soft, hairy bunny and enjoy her coming three or four times. I usually come only once. Is there something wrong with me because I only climax once compared to my wife's three or four?

A couple of years ago I got hung up with a fantastic 38-year-old chick, and in an hour I could come three times. She had to be a pro, because she was so adept and never let up on me. Do you think a change more often would help me?

R. C.
Southington, Connecticut

You don't need help—in fact, millions of men would be glad to have your "problems." Women are much more capable of having multiple orgasms than men, while men are more capable of achieving orgasm every time they engage in sex. The average man is capable of one ejaculation per session without straining himself. The novelty of a new sexual relationship and an especially exciting woman can boost your sexual ability—temporarily. As the newness wears off, though, so does the perpetual hard-on. Only about 7 percent of all men are consistently capable of multiple orgasms. Women who regularly climax three or four times are almost as rare as sexual supermen. You should quit trying to set sexual records, and count your blessings.

Tits, that's what I like. I especially enjoy and admire a woman who has a pair of firm and protruding breasts and displays them with pride. I'd like to know if there are any breast-enlargement techniques that really work. I've read about many methods, but I've never seen anything written about how effective they are.

P. H.
Lazo, British Columbia

There are only two widely accepted methods of breast enlargement that are successful in making mountains out of molehills. The first is the silicone implant (not to be confused with the silicone injections of a few years ago that were found to be so harmful they were outlawed), which is a fairly new technique. Silicone is inserted into the breast and hardens into a solid form. The results vary, and may look almost

natural, but they are hard and unnatural to the touch. Since this is a new technique, little is known about the long-term effects of this procedure. The second breast-enlargement technique is almost foolproof, but the effects are temporary. It's called pregnancy—and it's not recommended for the sole purpose of breast enlargement. Hormone treatments can cause some change in the size of the breast, but hormones should not be used specifically for breast enlargement, due to the risk of cancer and other serious complications. The various methods of breast enlargement advertised to the public actually utilize exercise to firm up the breasts and surrounding muscles. While this makes them more attractive, it does not actually increase their size.

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Age _____ Phone _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary.

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

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MINOR: The person photographed is a minor. My signature grants my permission for the minor to be photographed and the photographs may be used as stated above.

Model's Legal Signature _____

Parent or Legal Guardian _____

I have lived with my boyfriend for two years and we planned to get married at one time. But lately, he wants to fuck every night and sometimes twice a day. It makes me sick and if I fuck for more than ten minutes I start getting sore. I love him and want to marry him but he says I can't satisfy him. I've only had sex with one other person besides him, and that guy forced me to. My boyfriend's going out on me already and I don't want to lose him. Is there anything I can do?

P. S.
Bayboro, North Carolina

Yes. Dyspareunia (painful coitus) can be caused by many things, so the first thing you have to do is find out what is causing the pain. Any infection of the vagina, uterus, bladder or surrounding area can cause pain or oversensitivity. Sometimes small lesions appear on the vaginal walls and can go undetected and untreated until they become irritated and painful. Often the supportive ligaments of the uterus can become too taut or loose and cause the uterus to tilt at an angle or slide partially into the vagina. A displaced or prolapsed uterus can usually be surgically corrected. Oversensitivity of the cervix can cause painful coitus, but this can be corrected surgically without diminishing sexual enjoyment, by severing certain nerves in the area. Most frequently, dyspareunia is caused by fear, tension or anxiety about sexual intercourse. Subconscious problems of this nature can trigger actual physical pain. Often when a woman's first encounter with sex is unpleasant or forced on her, she may sub-

consciously associate this unpleasantness with any man's advances, and develop physical pain as a deterrent to sexual activity. Professional help may be needed to understand and overcome the source of the fear and anxiety.

Since my girlfriend is a great lay, we spend most of our time in bed. I've never seen anyone like her. With other girls, when they would come, I would sometimes feel a little flutter in their vaginas. My girlfriend's pussy squeezes my cock like it was trying to choke it. It feels great, and lasts about a minute. Is this normal?

A. M.
Boston, Massachusetts

This is perfectly normal. When a female experiences orgasm, the muscles of the vagina contract at least three or four times, and some do so fifteen times or more. The strength and duration of these contractions vary from woman to woman.

I am 20, male and have a very embarrassing problem. My testicles are fairly small and don't hang down like they do on other men. It looks like I don't have any at all. Is there any way to enlarge the testicles or make them hang down more?

C. K.
Scranton, Pennsylvania

That depends on why they're small. The size of the scrotum varies in males, and its size has no

effect on sexual prowess. If there is no physical problem and they are normal, there is no reason to enlarge your testicles. It is possible that they are not descended, and if so they will have to be corrected surgically or through hormone treatment. Normally the testes descend from the abdominal cavity into the scrotum shortly before birth. Often they do not descend until puberty. If they have not descended by age 20, though, a doctor should be consulted immediately. Untreated, the testes will degenerate over a period of time.

On our first date my girlfriend seduced me, and she's been doing it ever since. Although I still melt at her first sexy glance, I would like to initiate a few mad, passionate sessions myself. She says that for her, this seduction is the best part of the foreplay and without it she can't get interested. The few times I've made advances she was almost as responsive as a scouring pad in a pillow. Do you think I'll ever be able to light her fire with my own match?

H. S.
New York, New York

Maybe, but it will take work. Your girlfriend may be insecure about your relationship and feel a need to control you. It sounds like she gets off on a sort of mental bondage, or thinks she is casting a spell over you. Let her know how you feel about her. If her mere presence is enough seduction to turn you on, tell her. She may become more secure and more responsive.

Although my youngest child is seven, I still have a discharge from my breasts when I squeeze them. What is this discharge from?

S. I.
Aberdeen, South Dakota

This problem is not uncommon and may be caused by many things. A hormonal imbalance is often the cause of breast discharge, especially if birth control pills are being taken. It may be nothing more than overstimulation of the breasts. To be on the safe side, a Pap smear of the discharge should be done immediately and a mammogram (X-ray) should be done if the doctor feels one is necessary.

I am 57 years old and I love my wife's snatch. Seven years ago I lost an eye and I haven't been able to get a hard-on since. Is there any help for me?

J. K.
Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin

There may be help for you. The loss of an eye may have had a psychological effect on you, or there may have been slight brain damage that was not detected at the time. Close examination of the sex organs, nervous system and spine may disclose an impairment. If no physical problem is found, psychological investigation may help you learn to cope with your loss and regain your sexual ability.



"Seems everybody's into shaved beavers these days."

KINKY KORNER

By Diane Newton

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning a sexual encounter? If so, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's *Kinky Korner*, the section of the magazine that is written by the readers, for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine typed or printed pages in length and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

About six months ago, my boyfriend, Randy, received a promotion that required him to move to Dallas, which is about a thousand miles away. We'd been living together for a couple of years and planned to get married soon, but I'm a teacher and had just signed a contract for the next school year. We decided that Randy would make the move and I'd join him as soon as school was over in June.

Before Randy left town, we agreed that we would get together as often as we could—at least one long weekend every couple of months—and that we wouldn't ask each other to stay faithful. The weekend before he had to leave, we spent the whole time in bed, and after he left I cried to think that I would be able to feel his beautiful big cock inside me only a few days each month. Several days later I purchased my first vibrator—a very expensive model that felt just like the real thing. Each night I'd fuck myself to sleep, dreaming about feeling Randy's cum shooting up inside me.

Randy's phone was installed after he'd been there about a week and he called me that same night to give me his number. It rang as I was coming out of the shower, so I dried off quickly and jumped into bed to stay warm while we talked. He was very excited about his new job, and the sound of his voice as he told me about it turned me on. My free hand strayed down to my cunt and, as we talked, I began to masturbate. I came twice, without letting him know what was going on.

Then a few nights later, when he called again, I was ready. The minute the phone rang, I stripped to my bra and panties and slithered into bed. As we talked, I imagined that he was there, caressing me

through the sheer material of my bra and then thrusting his hand under it to squeeze my nipples and roll them between his fingers.

I imagined that he was reaching his exploring fingers under my panties, stroking my pubic hair and caressing my throbbing clit. I pulled the panties down over my hips, kicked them off and jammed the vibrator into my dripping slit. I came almost the moment I turned it on, and my loud moans of pleasure interrupted Randy's description of the furniture he'd picked out for his new apartment.

"What's going on?" he demanded. "Is someone there with you?"

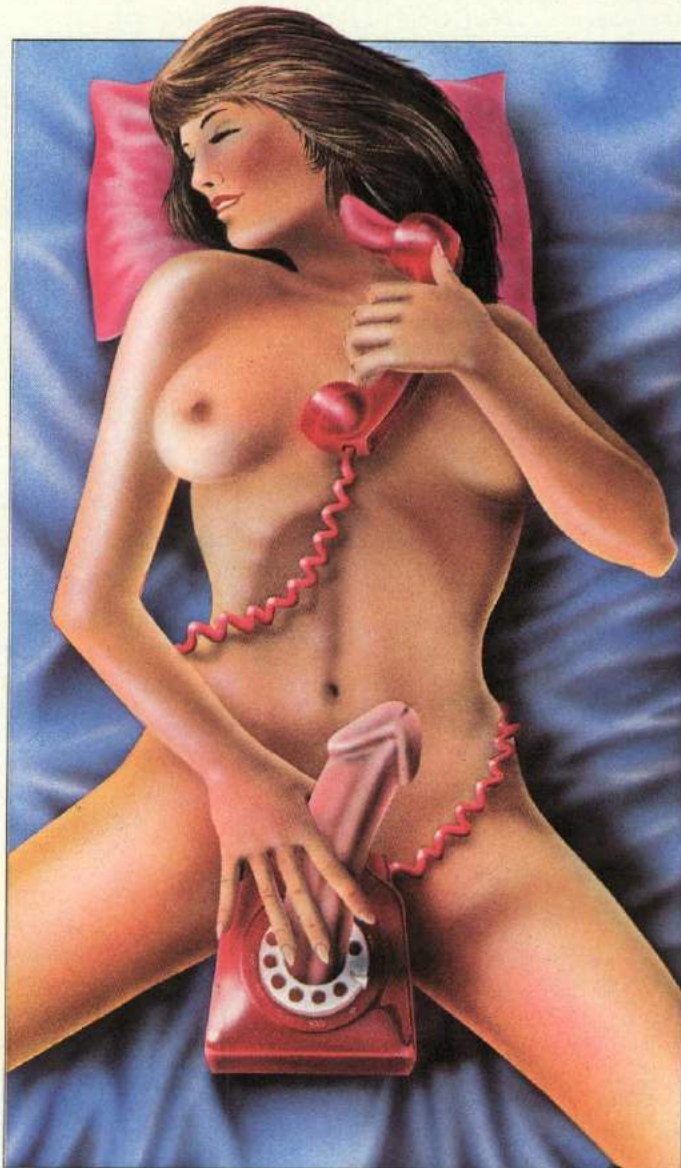
I was embarrassed to explain, but I had to tell him so he wouldn't be jealous. Randy was flattered to know how much I was turned on by the sound of his voice. He admitted that throughout our conversation he'd had a giant hard-on, and all he could think about was ramming it into me. "Then take it out of your pants," I insisted, "and we'll fuck. It's not as good as being together, but it's better than nothing."

"All right," he said. "It's out and it's the biggest hard-on I've had in years."

"Of course it is, you poor baby," I murmured. "I haven't been there to take care of it for you. Just imagine that I'm there now, naked, kneeling next to you, holding your giant cock in my hands."

I told him I was going to rub my tits all over it. My nipples were real hard and stiff and I said I wanted to rub them with his cock. The end of a nipple fits into the tip of his cock, and when I take it out there's a little bit of cock juice on it. That really turns me on.

"Now I'm doing it with the other tit," I told him, caressing my tits with the



LONG-DISTANCE LOVE

vibrator. "I'm pushing much harder, I'm shoving your great big, hard prick right into my tit, turning the nipple inside out with your cock." Randy told me that I really had him going and that his balls felt like they were about to burst. He'd never seen his cock so big and hard.

"Don't worry, darling, I'll take care of you," I said. I told him I was going to suck his cock, tasting the juice oozing out. It's a taste I like, because it's an appetizer for my favorite thing of all. Then I said I'd run my tongue all the way up and down his shaft. He said that every time I did it, he shuddered and thrust his hips at me.

"But I'm not going to let you come in my mouth yet," I said. "First I've got to lick your balls. They're hard too. They're full of delicious cum that's going to be all mine in a minute."

I asked him to tell me how it felt. "Fantastic!" he said. He could actually feel me licking his balls. He moaned that they were ready to unload as he visualized my sucking them into my mouth, then popping them out with my tongue, then sucking them in again.

"Now you're licking my asshole," he said, "kissing and nibbling on the skin between my ass and my balls. My cock is in your hair and you've got me going so hard I'm fucking your hair. It's driv-

ing me crazy!"

When he told me how soft and silky it felt, I thought he was going to come, but I didn't want him to finish yet. I told him I wanted to feel his cock spurt its juices against the back of my mouth.

"I can't understand why you haven't come yet. You're growing." I almost felt his cock getting bigger and bigger pressing against the back of my throat.

I took the vibrator away from my breasts and mouth and jammed it into my cunt, imagining Randy's fingers squishing in and out of me.

"Your cunt's practically sucking my fingers into it," Randy whispered hoarsely. "I'm reaching farther into you than I ever have before. My thumb is on your clit. I'm going to come. I'm coming so fast that it's squirting out the sides of your mouth!"

I flicked the switch on the vibrator and I came, too. My back arched and my pelvis started flying faster and faster. Finally, I let go of the vibrator so I could grab my tits and squeeze the nipples. My contractions popped the vibrator right out of my cunt.

For a moment I lay there exhausted and, from the panting sounds coming over Ma Bell's wires, I knew that Randy was doing the same. When I had caught my breath, I told Randy what had happened with the vibrator and he told me

how much he had come and how far it had shot. We made arrangements to repeat the performance three nights later. I hung up and fell asleep, more satisfied than I'd been since Randy left.

For the next month we had telephone sex at least two or three times a week. Then, when I had a long weekend because of a school holiday, I flew to Dallas to see Randy and have some real sex.

My last night there, we discussed our respective sex lives. Randy told me that his new secretary, Robin, had made some obvious advances and that only telephone sex had kept him from doing something he'd feel guilty about.

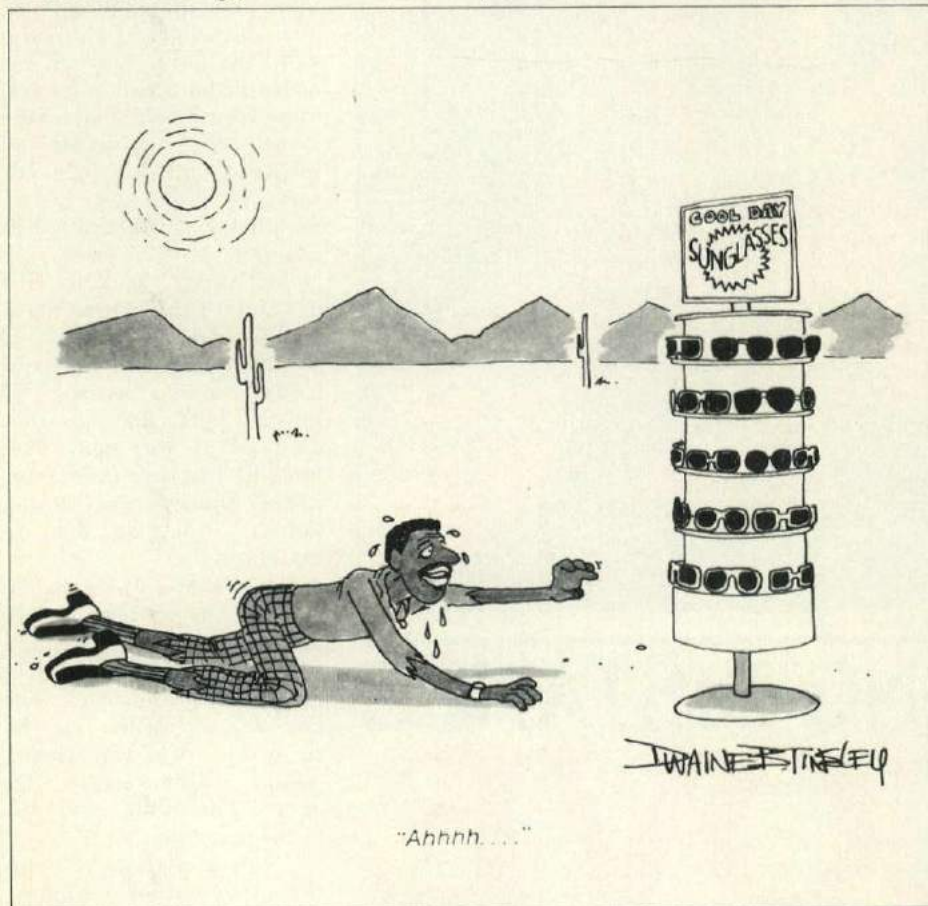
I'd been fending off passes from a couple of male teachers at school, and I could relate pretty well to what he was saying. And, with Randy lying behind me, caressing my breasts and rubbing his cock against the crack of my ass, I realized that telephone sex just isn't the same as being in bed with a real, warm-bodied person. I suggested to Randy that we start fucking other people and then describe our experiences over the phone.

It worked. Two weeks later, when Randy described to me how he'd balled Robin on the inner-office couch one night, I had a terrific orgasm. And Randy seemed to enjoy hearing me tell him how I'd sucked off the new physics teacher, Jack, in the front seat of his car—in the school parking lot.

Jack is a short, wiry guy. His cock isn't too big, but it's good and thick. And while he's a bit shy, he's tremendously horny. I had explained to Jack that Randy and I engaged in telephone sex, and Jack was just kinky enough to go along with us. Randy had no trouble convincing Robin to participate. We were ready for four-way telephone sex.

When the phone rang, Jack and I were already in the 69 position. Jack was sucking gently on my clit, with a thumb in my cunt and an index finger up my ass. Randy assured me over the phone that he and Robin were in the same position. While Jack and Robin used their mouths on us, Randy and I could hear beautiful, wet, slurping noises over the line. From the chorus of groans, it sounded as if Jack and Randy came at the same time—Jack's cum surging into my mouth and all over the telephone receiver, Randy's cum spurting into Robin's mouth.

Since then, we've had several more four-way telephone sex adventures. Jack is even planning to visit Dallas with me next time. Then he and Robin and Randy and I can have some real live-and-in-person orgies.



"Ahhhh...."

HONEY HOOKER

TWO IRA MUSCLEMEN HAVE OFFERED HONEY A CHANCE TO OPEN HER OWN WHOREHOUSE, BUT IT HAS TO BE IN CLAYVILLE, OHIO, HOME OF CLAYVILLE STATE U., THE BIGGEST POWER IN THE "LITTLE TEN" AND...

... WE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT ANOTHER CONDITION LATER, DARLIN'! 'TIL THEN, KEEP A TIGHT ONE!

AND IF YA SUCK OFF A BLOODY BRITISHER, BITE 'IS SHILLELAGH!

CLAYVILLE, OHIO, EH? I WONDER IF I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL?

BEING A SHREWD BUSINESSWOMAN, HONEY GETS UP SHOP NEXT TO THE CLAYVILLE STOCKYARDS WITH A FEW LOCAL GIRLS AND GOES AFTER THE PIGFUCKER TRADE.

I MIGHT BE INTERESTED, MA'M - BUT YOUR PRICES HAVE TO BE COMPETITIVE!

HOW'S A DOLLAR GRAB YOU, BIG SPENDER!?

FRED FERNANDEZ
MIKE TOOMEY

BUSINESS BOOMS, 'TIL ONE DAY HONEY GETS AN ORDER TOO BIG TO HANDLE....

THIRTY-FIVE OF 'EM? I'LL NEED MORE GIRLS! AND WE'D BETTER MEET AT THE SHERIDAN - MY PLACE IS TOO SMALL!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER IN THE GOVERNOR ROADAPPLE SUITE OF THE CLAYVILLE SHERIDAN -

I'VE GWINE DIG FO MAH ROOTS!

OOGA-BOOGA!
BOOGA-OOOGA!

OOGA-BOOGA
YO MAMA!

JUMPIN' LIVERLIPS, IT'S THE CLAYVILLE STATE FOOTBALL TEAM!

CSU DAY OF THE BIG GAME!

NEXT DAY, CLAYVILLE STADIUM IS GOING WILD! THE FANS ARE THERE! THE TEAMS ARE THERE! **ANITA HETERO** IS THERE TO SING DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES! AND COACH **WAYS** IS...HEY, WHERE THE HELL IS **MOODY**...?

THE COACH HAS FOUND HIS TRUE CALLING!



LOOSE FACILITIES HERE WITH ACTION FROM CLAYVILLE STATE STADIUM WHERE THE CLAYVILLE STATE BROWNEYES ARE FINALLY TAKING ON AN OPPONENT IN THEIR CLASS... THE POWERFUL MS FITS OF LESBOS U!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CLAYVILLE STATE LOCKER ROOM ...

YOU WANT US TO MINGLE WITH THE **BROWNEYES** AND THROW THE GAME!

RIGHT! WE'VE GOT A BUNDLE ON THIS GAME!

WE GOTTA WIN!

BY HALFTIME, THE SCORE IS TIED! WITH COACH **WAYS** DISTRACTED, **HONEY** AND HER GIRLS SNEAK INTO THE GAME AS SUBSTITUTES AND BEGIN THEIR DIRTY WORK!

WUFFO YOU DOIN' THAT, **BUBBA**? HEY, YOU AIN'T **BUBBA**! **BUBBA** DON'T HAVE NO TEETH!

TWEET! TOO MUCH TIME!

OOMGOWA!!



AS **HONEY'S** GIRLS DISTRACT THE CLAY TEAM, **HONEY** LUBRICATES THE QUARTERBACK'S HANDS!

HUMP ONE...HUMP TWO -- AW FUCK, WHAT COMES AFTER TWO?

TOORA - LOORA LINGUS....



HONEY'S JOB CAUSES HIM TO
FUMBLE THE BALL ...

...SENDING IT FLYING INTO THE HANDS OF
PAM PETERBILT, THE MS FITS' LINEBACKER!

AIN'T THAT A
BAG A SHIT!

I AM STRONG! I AM
INVINCIBLE! I AM WOOMAAAN!

TOUCHDOWN!

IT'S A SAD DAY IN CLAYVILLE
...COACH **MOODY WAY'S**
INVINCIBLE BROWNEYES
HAVE JUST BEEN DESTROYED
BY A TEAM OF NUTLESS
WONDERS!

HER DUTY DONE,
HONEY CALLS
CLAYVILLE'S
#1 CITIZEN TO
GIVE HIM THE
NEWS!

GREAT, **HONEY!** SURE
WE CAN GET TOGETHER
TONIGHT! NO, **ALTHEA**
WON'T MIND!

NEXT MONTH: **HYPOCRITE-HUMPING**

LARRY LISCIOTTI:

(continued from page 74)

way to draw interest. Then he beat a few other players, deliberately showing a little more skill. Word quickly went out to the town's resident pool hustler. The man strutted into the hall, recognized Larry—who had beaten him a year earlier—and pulled him aside for a conference. If Larry played him even, the man suggested, it would lure the town's one other sharp player to the poolroom. Lisciotti agreed. The next day, the crowd was so thick for the big match that Lisciotti and Roy had to fight their way into the pool hall. Then, in a few hours, Lisciotti broke his opponent while Roy cleaned the crowd with side bets. They left town \$2000 richer.

During these years, Lisciotti acquired other skills essential to hustling: how to stay alive, not get ripped off and not get his thumbs broken. Once, when he was 17, two men followed him out of a Baltimore nightclub—it had a pool table—and stuck a gun in his face. Lisciotti had no money, but the men took his fake-diamond ring, believing it to be genuine. The incident made Lisciotti more cautious. After that, in any place he sensed potential hostility he began making it a standard practice to buy drinks for and befriend the biggest guy in the house. At other times, sensing trouble, he would telephone police ten minutes before he intended to leave and report a fight in progress. When the cops arrived, he left.

He also learned to check the location of the back door. Once, in Tulsa, Lisciotti got a strong feeling he would be jumped when the night was over. He put a \$100 bill on the bar and ordered a drink. Then he set his expensive cue stick against the table and went to the bathroom. With the money and stick around, no one suspected anything. Lisciotti climbed out the bathroom window and strolled away.

In recent years, to avoid similar incidents, he usually announced in advance that he was a good player.

As he moved around the country in his early 20s, Lisciotti met most of the best young players, those who have since displaced such respected names as Willie Mosconi, Luther Lassiter and Irving Crane as the class of the field. (Minnesota Fats, otherwise known as Rudolf Wanderone, was never really in their league.) In part because of *The Hustler*, a whole new generation of cue wizards was emerging: Mizerak, Jim Rempe, Pete Margo, Ray Martin, Mike Seigel and a half-dozen others. Lisciotti would



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Watch(es) for Women @ \$59.95 each □ #3325 (silver) □ #3326 (gold) □ #3327 (metal band @ \$64.95) With message: □ "Let's Love" □ "Yes" □ "No" □ "I Luv You"

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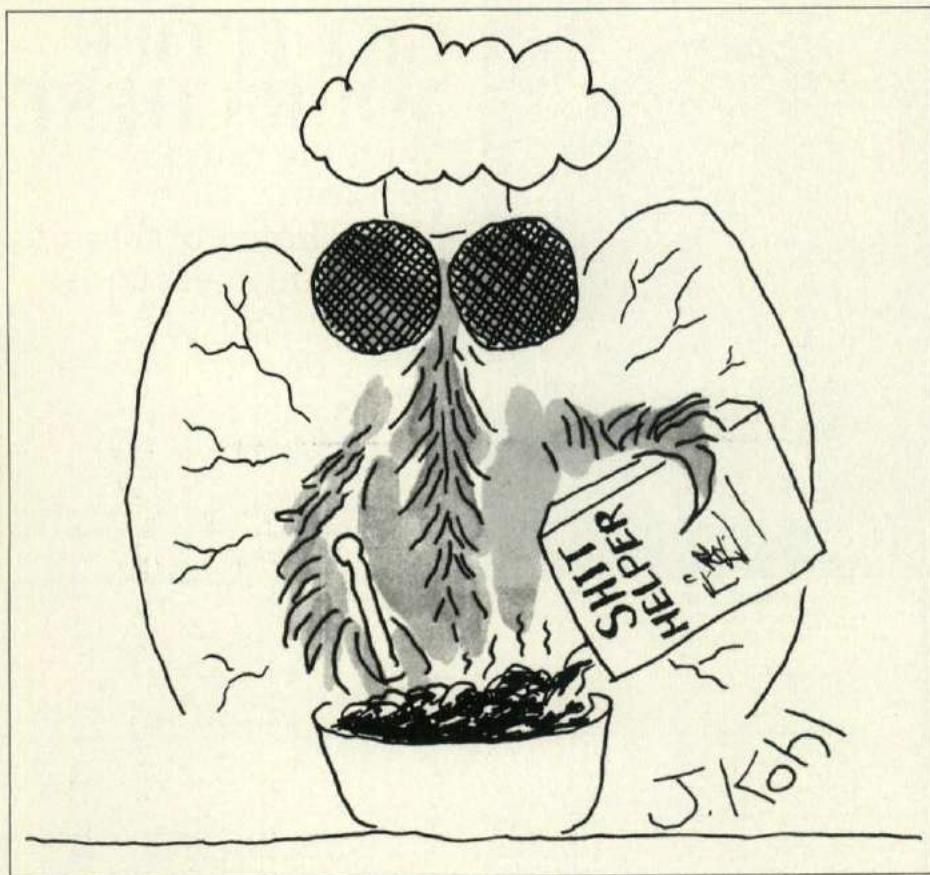
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run into one or another of them on the pool circuit and they'd play. They usually played even, but every year the stakes got higher.

The hustlers among the group formed a fraternity of sorts. They partied together ("the partyingest people I ever met are pool players"), got stoned together, played against one another in games that often turned into drinking or speed (amphetamine) marathons, and occasionally passed along a score to one another.

Meanwhile, Lisciotti was meeting hustlers of another sort. There was his buddy in the South who put himself through law school by rigging the nightly Elks club card game. There was a politician in Pennsylvania with whom, on one visit, Lisciotti stuffed ballot boxes. Best of all, there was the late Titanic Thompson—"the greatest hustler I ever saw."

Thompson was one of a select breed of roving gamblers and con men who could play anything well, even though he was almost 90 years old. Some of his scams were legendary. One time, he bet some Texas bookies he could guess within 20 the number of watermelons in a truck they'd just driven past. The bookies offered outrageous odds that he couldn't. They lost. Thompson never let on that the whole thing was a setup.

Then there was the time he boasted to a millionaire that he could throw a skeleton key into a lock from ten feet

away. He got 100-1 odds. Thompson proceeded to hurl the key directly into the lock—or so it seemed to the loser. With his poor eyesight, the man couldn't detect the fine nylon string along which the key had slid.

Outside the poolroom, Lisciotti was having some other adventures. In Las Vegas, a card-counting blackjack pro hired him to work as a decoy. In Georgia, while Larry was traveling with a card-player friend, a cop stopped their car because they fit the description of two safecrackers. The cop found \$15,000 in Lisciotti's pocket. "It's just traveling money," Lisciotti said. Unfortunately the money was singed because Lisciotti had hidden it in a lamp the previous night. The cop logically assumed the burn marks were caused by a blowtorch used on the safe. Lisciotti and his friend spent two and a half days in jail before the real thieves were caught.

By his late 20s, Lisciotti was spending up to eight months a year on the road, accumulating adventures as well as money. He was once away from home, traveling nonstop, for a year and a half. His pace was still furious—"It's a fast fucking life I lead"—but in some significant ways he was slowing down and changing. More frequently he would try his hands at other games—particularly cards—for money. In one score, he took \$10,000 from a hapless cop in a night of gin rummy.

Lisciotti would play pool for an

intense stretch, followed by vacations in the sun. As he met more hustlers, he became less of one himself and more like most successful professional gamblers: tolerant of people, more composed and fun-loving, rather than simply wild. He even stopped screwing up in Manchester. Most important, he was regularly pitting himself against better players, at higher stakes, rather than lulling local sharpshooters into certain defeat. When it came time for the World Open, he had acquired the experience and temperament to win big.

The tournament Lisciotti won was the first of its kind. In past years, the Billiard Congress of America sponsored the U.S. Open Pocket Billiards Championship. Last year, feeling misused and underpaid, some dissident players formed their own group, the Professional Pool Players Association. They held their own tournament (the World Open) in Asbury Park, at the same time the Billiard Congress was holding its session in Chicago. Most of the country's top players chose Jersey.

They came for a good reason: self-interest. The PPPA's goal was to create a professional tournament circuit that would be able to attract television money and offer large cash prizes, much like the pro golf and tennis circuits. The players argued that pool is no longer a backroom sport—a game for just hustlers. They realized, however, that only big money would legitimize it. "There's 36 million people who play this game," said PPPA President Ray Martin. "It's ranked third in participation among sports in the United States. There's got to be a market."

Even without a pro league, Lisciotti has ceased hustling. He now plays on an informal circuit against wealthy amateurs to whom he gives weight in order to make a game. "Now I know everybody in all the cities. I just get on the telephone and ask who's around. Sometimes I don't even play, I bet on a friend. I can do it because I know the game."

At 30, Lisciotti is holding a big piece of the good life. His bank account is healthy—"I don't think I'll ever tap out again"—and he lives well. He has a handsome apartment and a girlfriend who lives nearby. He travels regularly to places we'd all like to see. He does what he wants, when he wants. Preparing to defend his championship, he is still too young to be at the top of his game.

Best of all, he embodies a life-style usually enjoyed only by artists and geniuses, in which the distinction between work and play no longer exists. As he readily admits, "This is a hell of a life I live. I love it." 🎱

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CHILD PROSTITUTION

(continued from page 97)

drunk—and then he beat her. Coming from the South, her drawl gave her trouble in school, and she became a truant. Her family neither cared nor paid any attention when she began hanging out with the neighborhood boys. She took her first fee for sex at the age of 12, when one of the neighborhood boys gave her a dollar for her virginity. Bea responded eagerly, not because it was particularly pleasant, but because it made her feel wanted.

A few days later the youth introduced Bea to Hank, his 27-year-old brother. Hank instructed Bea in the art of fellatio. Pleased with her performance, he gave her five dollars. Bea was thrilled. She'd never had that much money before. And when Hank became a weekly customer, traveling clear across town to enjoy her services, she felt that she'd struck it rich. She soon became the neighborhood soda fountain's best customer, and she spent hours in the local five-and-dime. Before long, her tastes outstripped her meager budget, and she began to offer her services to the teenage boys in the neighborhood. She

seldom received more than a dollar and often accepted as little as 50 cents.


When Hank discovered her other activities he told her that she was wasting her time and her talent. If she stuck with him, he said, she could make some real money. Bea readily agreed, and three days later Hank deposited her in the hotel room of a 50-year-old executive-type. For her debut as a full-fledged prostitute, Bea received a five-dollar tip from the salesman and ten dollars from Hank. Ecstatic, she threw herself into her new profession with all her youthful energy. Her innocence, charm and enthusiasm created a huge demand for her services. Within months she was well established, but she still continued to live at home, explaining that she was out of the house a lot because she was working as an usherette at a downtown theater.

Shortly after her 14th birthday her prostitution was discovered by authorities investigating her truancy. She was sentenced to a home for delinquent girls. Instead of being rehabilitated, she fell under the influence of the hardened older girls. Released from the reformatory and placed in a foster home, it only took her two weeks to locate her former pimp and get back into business.

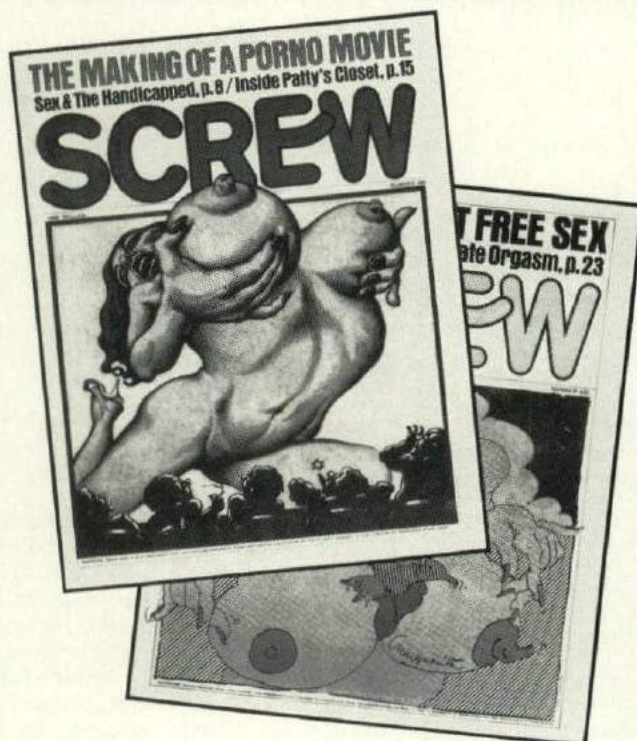
For children such as Bea, it's almost impossible to break the sex and

prostitution cycle once it gets started. Social workers all agree that these children suffer from a low self-image, base their identities on their possession of a man—or their abilities to please one—and have no faith or respect for society's institutions or authority. So for these rebellious, bored and lonely kids, sex, even for pay, becomes a way of proving their worth and of proclaiming their individuality.

The long-term effects on these children are staggering. Sex itself simply ceases to have any meaning, sensation or pleasure. The continual grind produces such an overpowering negative image that many of them gain some sort of perverse pleasure out of being exploited and abused. This in turn makes sex no longer sex but a means to power—a tool to manipulate, to conquer—to get someone to do something. As a result, the remaining lines between morality and criminality are further blurred, and today's child prostitute is often tomorrow's hardened criminal.

The pity of it is that these kids are just that, kids. They're desperate for affection, eager to be cared for, anxious to be loved. Yet, frustrated and afraid, exploited and forgotten by society, they become children of the night, sharing themselves with anyone who can pay their desperate price. 

OUR ONLY TABOO IS GOOD TASTE



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MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them, but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order. Companies that would like to have products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to: **Mail-Order Feedback (Product Review)**. We'll also tell customers how to deal with mail-order firms and alert our readers to frauds and faulty products.

by Joseph Coyne

SELF-DEFENSE

When dealing with mail-order companies, you are essentially sending off your hard-earned cash for products or services you have never seen or had a chance to examine. You are often dealing with people whose reputations you are unaware of. It's risky business.

There are a lot of reputable mail-order firms making money because their ethical business practices bring repeat orders. There are also plenty of shitty mail-order companies, and while we do our best to let you know which ones are disreputable, you still have to look out for yourself. Regardless of what company you are dealing with, you should take all precautions against a rip-off.

First of all, *never* send cash through the mails. A money order is good, but a check is probably better because you can stop payment immediately if you suspect something is wrong. Perhaps the best defense against a rip-off is to use a credit card whenever possible, because if you do get taken you can send a letter of complaint to the credit card company and they *may* credit your account.

Something else you should always do is to put your return address on the outside of the envelope (especially when mailing to a P.O. box). If the company has gone broke or the postal authorities have caught up with it, your money will be returned to you instead of winding up in the dead-letter office.

Any time you feel you have been ripped-off, first try to contact the company for an explanation. If it does not respond, or does not give a satisfactory explanation, report your problem to postal authorities. Help yourself and others by nailing these "bums."

A CASE FOR SEX

There must be 96 ways to please your lover. Get her on her back, Jack; stand her on her head, Ted; get her in the can, Stan; etc.

Livemore Educational Ideas, Inc. (P. O. Box 3440, Grand Central Station, New York,

New York 10017) is marketing a set of satin-finish pillowcases featuring 96 different color-illustrated positions for making love.

Besides being instructional and inspirational, these pillowcases look good, feel elegant and they're washable. Also, on those hard nights when you're not getting any, maybe just sleeping on one of them will make you feel better by morning.

A set of two is \$16.95, including postage and handling.

SAYING A MOUTHFUL

There are more T-shirts on the market than a cunt has fleas, er, I mean, a dog has hairs, er, there are more T-shirts around than you know what to do with.

Blotter (P. O. Box 1400, Postal Station Z, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5N 2Z7) has put out yet another line. Along with the already overly exposed Farrah Fawcett-Majors and other mundane subject matter, such as King Kong and Heineken beer, they have one shirt that is not only different, but

Space prohibits us from including a complete listing of Dependable Dealers and Shifty Sellers in each issue, but we will periodically supply you with the most outstanding in each category, based on reader reports.

Add the following to the list which appeared in the July 1977 issue of HUSTLER for an up-to-date list.

DEPENDABLE DEALERS

House of Milan
P.O. Box 24080
Los Angeles, California 90024

S. J. K.
P.O. Box 16191
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19114

Roxbury Press
256 South Robertson Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90211

SHIFTY SELLERS

True Blue Productions
3208 West Cahuenga Boulevard
Suite 3
Los Angeles, California 90068

Hornbeck Brothers
P.O. Box 2031
New York, New York 10001

G. B. Olgalon
P.O. Box 813
Culver City, California 90230

practical as well. When you're in the appropriate mood, you can let your friends, family—and strangers—know exactly how you feel without even opening your mouth. "Eat Shit and Die" emblazoned across your chest in black letters on 100-percent white cotton says it all for you.

The T-shirts, in all sizes, are \$5 each including postage and handling.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

Several months ago I placed an order with a company called *Majestic Distributors, Inc.* As of yet, I have not received my order or a refund of my money. Could you tell me anything about this company?

E. E.
Wheeling, Illinois

The parent company of Majestic Distributors is World Wide Gifts, Inc., and they have recently filed for a "Chapter 11" arrangement with the bankruptcy court in New York. This provides for a settlement of past debts without a complete shutdown of operations.

World Wide, as "debtor in possession," controls and is affiliated with some of the most complained-about companies in the mail-order business. Besides Majestic (which appeared on our July Shifty Seller list), these include: Unique Distributors, Dynamic Distributors, Cameo and Esoteric Book Companies, Companion Products, Enjoy Enterprises, Vanguard Williams Associates, Dansk Foto-Colour, USA, Pent-R Books, Inc., Complete Offset Lithography, Inc., Book Bargains, Inc., Fact Research, Inc., Medi-Data, Inc., Educational Books, Inc., Fact Records, Inc., Original Sales, Inc., Collectors Supermarket, Inc. and Electronic Innovations, Inc.

Complaints about Majestic or any of these other companies should be addressed to World Wide Gifts, Inc., 415 Lexington Avenue, Suite 706, New York, New York 10017. We want to warn our readers that these companies, despite any bankruptcy proceedings, can still do business. We urge you to be careful in dealing with them.

If you have any problems with the service that you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in HUSTLER, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out for you. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we would like to know that, too. Please write to: **Mail-Order Feedback, HUSTLER Magazine, 40 W. Gay Street, Columbus, OH 43215.**

MAIL ORDER MANIA

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124 SEPTEMBER HUSTLER

You Can Learn To Become More Successful With Women



You can become more successful with women. This course in seduction and lovemaking techniques uses Programmed Instruction, homework assignments and supplementary readings to teach you how to overcome shyness and pick up girls, how to recognize sexually available and high-orgasm women, how to read female body language, how to be a memorable lover and how to use computer logic to program your way to a successful seduction.

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- Five female signals that shout, "Approach me, I want some loving."
- Six simple questions that enable a man to recognize high-orgasm women.
- A six-point program to build your reputation as a great lover.

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DESCRIPTIONS OF OUR LESSONS

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"While I was learning to become more successful with women, I was also studying at five different colleges to earn undergraduate and advanced degrees in electronics and computer science. My years of university study taught me that there is a unique teaching tool, Programmed Instruction, which can be used to teach almost anyone almost anything. The student of a Programmed Instruction course proceeds at his own pace and is always aware of the progress he's making. Immediate feedback, checks and repetition are used to reinforce important points. It became obvious to me that Programmed Instruction techniques could be used to teach men to become more successful sexually.

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By Allen Lackoff—as told to LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS.

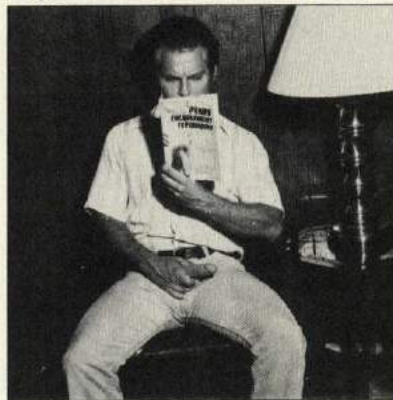


2 inches

Here I am at my original size. I wasn't exactly carrying a loaf of French bread. Up until this time I hadn't been formally introduced to my penis.

6 inches

Then I decided to try LEASURE TIME's Vacuum Enlarger. Using it along with LEASURE TIME's classic instruction book, *Penis Enlargement Techniques*, my penis began to show immediate results.



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Note: Although the above photos and captions are used for satirical purposes, LEASURE TIME's Vacuum Enlarger can have a noticeable effect on the penis. Naturally your penis won't grow 28 inches. And be thankful for that. But by using the combination of the Penis Enlargement Techniques book and the Vacuum Enlarger, you can increase your self-confidence and perhaps have a more positive sexual attitude.

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OCTOBER Preview

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BLUEBEARD OF BROOKLYN — Long before Manson's death cult claimed its first victim, "Reverend" DeVernon LeGrand was initiating followers in his own deadly doctrine of religion for fun and profit. By Paul Hoffman

PROFILE: BRUNO SAMMARTINO — Is the brutal punishment of professional wrestling a fact or an act? HUSTLER's profile of the Worldwide Wrestling Federation champ tells you why it's both of these things and more. By Jonathan Black



3 CHICKENS — True love takes on many forms, but few of them are the kind of relationship with meat in it. Charles Bukowski, as usual, manages to cook up a startlingly different love story in next month's fiction.

WATCHIN' FOR CHILLUN — The new school season finds Chester the Molester back in full swing. In fact, the scourge of the schoolyards is so active, it takes three pages of Dwaine B. Tinsley's one-of-a-kind cartoons to tell the full story.



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SEX PLAY: UNDERSTANDING IMPOTENCE — This informative feature will be a special turn-on for those men who want to get it on, but can't get it up. HUSTLER takes a hard look at the causes and treatments of this wide-ranging problem. By Steven J. Roth

KINKY KORNER — An older woman discovers that initiating a young man into the joyous world of sex has its definite rewards for both student and teacher. By Lana Gretcham



PLUS — Hot riffs in **BITS & PIECES**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **BEAVER HUNT**, **MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK** and **HONEY HOOKER**.



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